JOHN BULL, week ending January 22, 1948

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV, 1962

3D EVERY THURSDAY

NEW CHARTER FOR WOMEN By The Editor

HISTORY ON A POST CARD

GERMANY'S FLIGHT FROM RUSSIA by A. E. E.

The Cup that Cheers

DELICIOUS 'Ovaltine' is outstanding as a warming, comforting and invigorating food beverage. Its health-giving qualities are demonstrated by the fact that it is supplied to and widely used by all branches of the fighting Services, in Hospitals and Canteens.

Prepared from Nature's finest foods 'Ovaltine' provides important nutritive elements needed for building up body, brain and nerves. Its special properties help to maintain strength and energy by day and assist in ensuring peaceful, restorative sleep at night.

For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage, and see how much it can do to promote your fitness, cheerfulness and confidence. 'Ovaltine' also has the advantage of being naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar.

Ovaltine

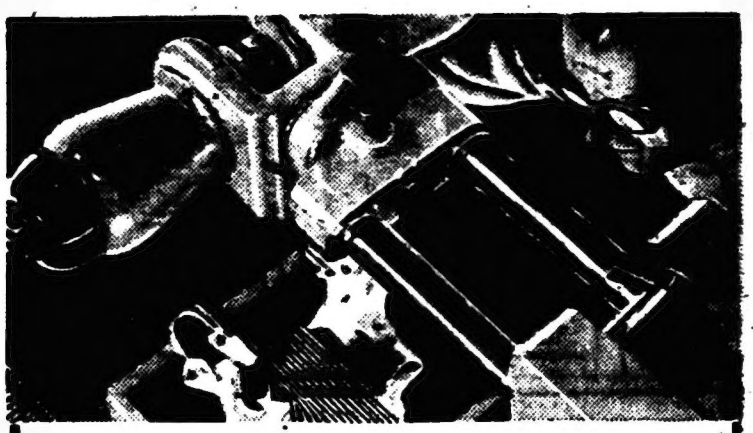
P.68A.

For real beefy flavour

there's nothing like OXO

OXO

Prepared from PRIME RICH BEEF

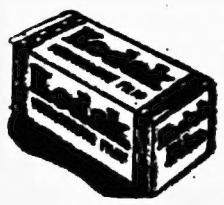


KODAK FILM

is in the Factories

helping to ensure flawless aircraft parts

Illustration shows an aircraft engine cylinder head about to be X-rayed. Internal faults in the casting which might prove disastrous in operation will be revealed on the film before the part is assembled. Next time you have difficulty in getting a spool of "Kodak" Film, remember it is because such vital work must come first.



Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

F.B.6

-IT MUST BE

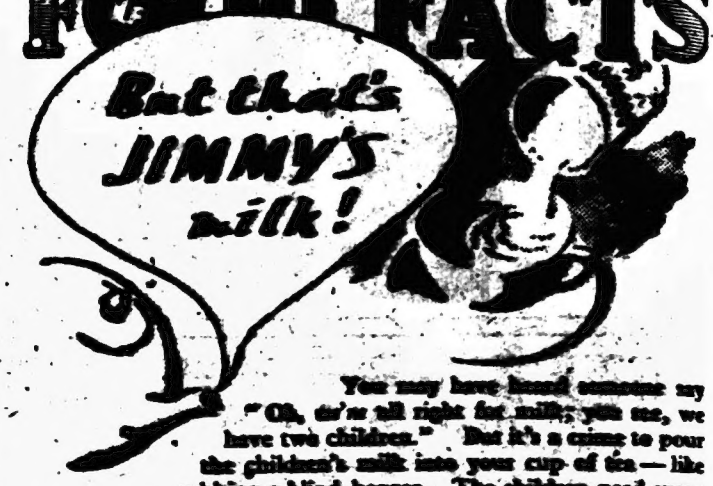
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

USE SPARINGLY-

THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

CB/AB.

FOOD FACTS



You may have heard someone say "Oh, we're all right for milk; you see, we have two children." But it's a crime to pour the children's milk into your cup of tea — like robbing a blind beggar. The children need every drop of their priority milk to build strong bones and healthy bodies. Every child under five should have his pint of milk a day, and every over-five should have half a pint, plus what he gets at school. Don't let the children's milk reach your milk jug. They need their share of *Household* milk too: use it for their puddings and junkets.

The Child's Priorities

MILK Every holder of a child's Ration Book (R.B.2) gets a pint of milk a day. Children of the Junior Ration Book (R.B.4) and holders of the general Ration Book (R.B.1) who were under 18 years of age on August 1st, 1943, get half a pint of milk each day in addition to any they may get at school.

Children between 5 and 14 who are unable to attend school and whose absence is not due to sickness, are authorised to obtain 3 pints of milk each week on application to the Food Office. Children temporarily absent from school through sickness are authorised to obtain one pint of milk a day on presentation of a doctor's certificate at the Food Office.

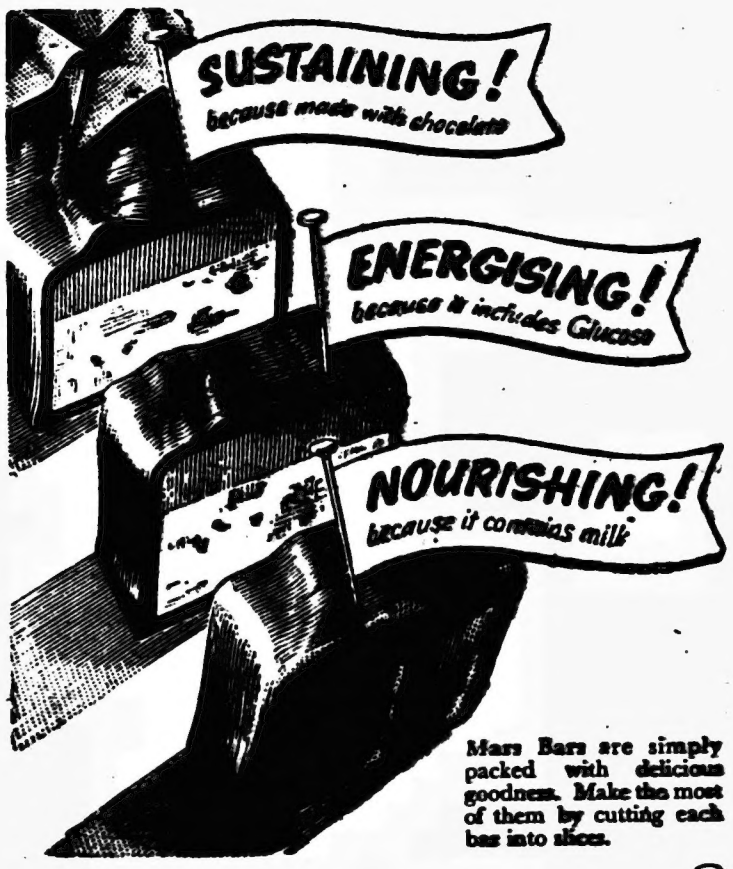
DRIED EGGS Children holding the green Ration Book (R.B.3) are allowed two packets of Dried Eggs at every allocation.

VITAMINS Coupons for the vitamin foods are included in each child's Ration Book (R.B.4) and they can be got from any Welfare Centre, Clinic or Distribution Centre. You need not go to the same one each time.

The Radio Doctor says:

"Milk's the most nearly perfect food we have and what there is should go to the priority classes — *children and the nursing and expectant mothers.*"

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 184

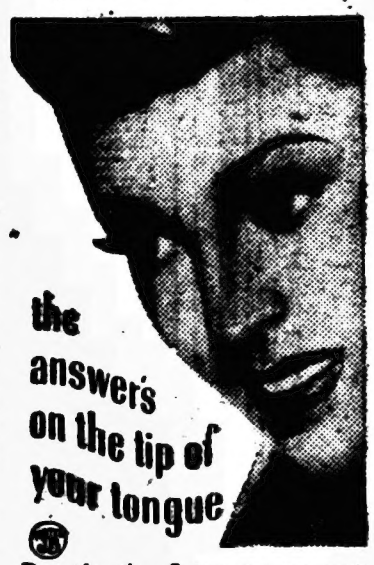


Mars Bars are simply packed with delicious goodness. Make the most of them by cutting each bar into slices.

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

Mars

ARE YOUR TEETH "UNDER A CLOUD"?



the answers on the tip of your tongue

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a filmy coating, change to Pepsodent to-day and see how quickly Irium — the super-cleanser used in Pepsodent — flushes film away, polishes teeth shiny-smooth. Pepsodent will make your teeth make your smile a ray of sunshine.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

1/3 and 2/2 Inc. Tax

Also made in Powder Form

Stamina Scores

The restless energy of childhood's carefree years needs to be restored by good, nourishing food. Made from the whole of the wheat, Weetabix is rich in those properties which build bone and muscle . . . and promote mental verve and alertness. But Weetabix is not only "first favourite" with children! It's the perfect all-the-family food whose delicious, nutty flavour tempts all appetites. You can enjoy Weetabix anytime when food is needed . . . on its own, or with milk, butter, cheese . . . and in other enticing ways. Serve *more* Weetabix—and oftener!

Zoned — like all cereals — but perhaps you live in a Weetabix area.

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

WX49

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 PACKETS 7½D LARGE SIZE 4 PACKETS 1/1D

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 22, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

" Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

DON'T LAUGH

● **" Don't kill the pianist —he's doing his best." On the same principle, we beg housewives not to laugh at the Minister of Food.**

Because, although he may not yet have had time to do his best in his new office, we hope he will soon do so.

He has wisely warned the country of a meat shortage that may last for years. And he goes on to suggest that food in short supply should be supplemented by fish.

But the fish trade spokesmen hasten to add that no extra supplies of fish will be forthcoming!

All this will bring no satisfaction to the housewife who cannot catch a glimpse of fish from one week's end to the other. She may, however, smell it—and thereby suspect that it is kept under the counter for rich customers.

And, of course, should she have money to spare she can go into a hotel or restaurant for a fish meal.

So, if no more fish is to be available and yet the ordinary shopper is to be expected to " make ends meet " with it, something will have to be done to distribute it more fairly.

Will Colonel Llewellin, Minister of Food, do his best to solve the problem?

Straight from the Shoulder

NOT FOR MONTHS?

ACCORDING to the Under-Secretary of the U.S. Navy, 45,000 landing-craft are still needed to ensure the success of the European invasion.

According to German spokesmen, mid-April will be the most likely time for invasion.

Perhaps we can put the two together for an answer to the question everyone is asking?

U-Boats' Last Gasp

Obviously, immense convoys of landing craft must make the Atlantic crossing between now and invasion time.

This fact, again, must be related to the enemy threat of a new U-boat offensive in March.

Such an offensive may well be the enemy's last naval gasp. But it will have to be taken seriously.

Are We Ready?

In the meantime, we must hope there will be really effective co-ordination in planning the onslaught against Hitler's Europe.

After preparing and waiting so long, we should be 100 per cent. ready. Not only for the invasion itself, but for Nazi attacks on our lines of communications, our ports, and railway centres.

Little Things

No doubt the big issues have been well considered. But what of the minor possibilities?

Our planners should remember the words of Stalin on the death of Lenin, exactly twenty years ago:

" Build the new life, the new existence, the new culture, as Lenin taught us. Never refuse to do the little things, for from little things are built the big things —this is one of Lenin's important precepts."

And often it is on little things that military successes depend.

Fast Moving

Thus, the speed of a ship may seem a little thing against the vast panorama of war. But there are big implications behind the launching of the first Victory vessel in the U.S.A.—a ship that will do more than fifteen knots against the seven of the Liberty type, that will cross the Atlantic in three weeks instead of nine.

JOHN BULL advocated such fast ships. So we feel entitled to demand that other apparently small factors of world warfare should be as carefully considered.

Big Figures

There is, of course, nothing little about the air offensive. The Anglo-American forces are reaching the maximum of striking power; more than 250,000 acres of this tiny island are shown as airfields on a secret map in the Air Ministry. The cost of making them has been more than £600,000,000!

Despite the huge fighter fleets which escort American day bombers on their destructive errands to Germany, we may presume that enormous numbers of fighters are being kept in reserve for eve-of-invasion battles.

Wait for It!

That is no less true of the enemy. He has to send up fleets of fighters to combat the day and night attacks on Germany. But those in France are kept grounded against the time when they will be most needed.

So with his bombers. They rarely make even hit-and-run trips to Britain. But we shall hear from them before summer.

Russia's Aims

German resistance, indeed, shows no sign of softening. It is, indeed, stiffening—as our Russian friends know.

Will the Russians reach Berlin before us? Well, even more important than the advance into Poland are the twin columns driving southwards. They will probably move down the edge of the Carpathian Mountains to split the enemy forces and thrust into Rumania, thereby trapping another German force in the Balkans.

Tottering Balkans

Already there are indications that the Germans themselves expect to be pushed downwards to the borders of Yugoslavia, where Tito continues to loosen their grip. Allied support for him must be accelerated.

Rumania and Bulgaria not only see the Russian armies approaching swiftly, but feel the terror of our bombing. Hungary, so far, has been luckier—yet even the Hungarian Chief of Staff has had to broadcast a warning against " the craving for peace at any price."

Old Frau's Tale

As well as by terrorist methods, the Nazis are trying to hold the wavering Rumanians to their cause by tales of Britain's impending collapse.

Stories of starving, rebellious Britons are attributed to the German prisoners repatriated three months ago. But they don't seem to delude many Rumanians — or assuage their alarm about Russia.

An opportunity, here, for better British propaganda!

What a World!

Besides, both Rumania and Hungary would like to back out of the big war if only to start a little war against each other.

Such are men's follies where frontiers are concerned. As for our friends the Poles, who still cannot see eye-to-eye with the Soviets, we must hope they will soon realise that economic problems should come first and that boundary disputes can be settled when war is done.

Going Slow

In Italy, correspondents report that we are no nearer Rome than we were three months ago.

This is not quite true. But certainly the campaign shows no sign of acceleration.

Saving Us Trouble

Incidentally, the execution of Ciano and some of his associates gives a glimpse of what will come on a large scale when Nazis and Fascists really get down to the job of putting one another " on the spot."

We shall be saved a lot of trouble. Though our own dealings with Fascists and ex-Fascists who have fallen into our hands seems tender by comparison!

Still Fighting

From the Far East, we hear little of guerilla activity in the lands overrun by Japan. But it goes on all the time.

One example: in the Philippine Islands at least 20,000 " partisans " continue to harass the invaders.

Chance for Us

People of the islands we have already reconquered have proved willing helpers.

Shocking treatment of their subject peoples by the Japanese makes it inevitable that wherever we return as liberators we shall get the utmost co-operation. And we should be ready with a really enlightened policy.

Standing Firm

In the U.S.A., opposition to the President has for months been ominously growing.

He might have been expected to mollify his critics. Instead, he has courageously chosen to court further unpopularity.

The U.S. has at last been told what total war means and demands.

Not Enough

The President realises the needs not only of war, but of the peace to follow. " Military victory," he has just told Congress, " is not enough. We shall not have completed the defence of our way of life until we also solve the second task: the reconstruction of an economy in which everyone willing to work can find a place in productive employment."

Victory, as he concludes, will be a challenge to a fresh great undertaking.

Richer or Poorer?

In our own land, another wise man has been speaking his mind. Sir Wm. Beveridge insists that we need not be a poorer nation after this war.

True, we need not. But we shall be unless our leaders show far more courage and speed in plans for both Transition and Reconstruction. They must, in fact, be prepared to defy a nervous minority of their own supporters.

Tories Wake Up

Thus, the Tory Reform Committee's report on industrial assurance supports the Beveridge proposals. Indeed, it goes farther in an effort to cheapen the cost of dying.

But the vested interests and the Old Guard will continue to fight reform. The Government's White Paper on the Beveridge scheme should soon make it plain whether a narrow minority or the great majority of the public is to be served.

Pay-As-You-Earn

One item of cheering news can be given with confidence: a reform already won is to be extended.

The Pay-As-You-Earn system is to be extended to all income tax payers, though the announcement may not be made until Sir John Anderson introduces the Budget.

Under Fire

More immediately, Parliament will be grappling with the Education and Jobs-for-Disabled Bills.

The second will need some tightening up to be generally acceptable. The first, though it makes handsome, if not unreasonable, concession to sectional interests, will none the less be fiercely contested by some religious groups.

Food for All

What will not be forthcoming immediately, unfortunately, is a plan to carry out the Hot Springs decisions on food. The Labour Party's food-for-all policy, just issued, is a notable advance on anything the Government has so far offered.

May it sting our Ministers into action!

(Continued overleaf)

A WIDOW'S LETTER TO "JOHN BULL"

" Your cheque is a great help in the sad circumstances and loss of a good husband and father," writes Mrs. E. M. Clarke of Stradbroke, whose husband was killed when a Flying Fortress crashed where he was working.

JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

DESPITE the mounting excitement of invasion prospects and the "beginning of the end," people are getting just a little war-weary at the turn of this fifth winter.

JOHN BULL'S letter bag—faithful pointer to public opinion—has been recording the change lately.

What Next?

The people's efforts are not relaxed; their enthusiasm is scarcely lessened. Certainly there's no danger of reduced output while Hitler's in his so-called "Fortress."

But there's a more noticeable desire in the country for escapism, a preoccupation with "what's going to happen when it's all over."

Good Sign

That feeling is natural and proper. It's the feeling that has produced Beveridge and put Lord Woolton into his job of reconstruction.

It's also the feeling that prompts the right-minded and unselfish to make home-coming plans for the men and women of the Services.

Gives Them Scope

Unfortunately, the desire to settle down is just what the racketeers love to exploit.

Especially the land-plotters.

And there are signs that these latter gentlemen are already hard at work.

Willing to Help

They advertise plots of land in the country for, say, a couple of hundred pounds an acre freehold. You go down to the site and find a man who is very ready to show you the cornfield where your "dream home" will one day stand.

He is also very ready to accept your deposit. Even if you can offer only a pound or two.

Go Warily

Inquiries often show that the land has, in fact, recently been bought by the man who is offering it for sale.

But the difficulty is that people are buying on the assumption that they will get possession after the war and they may not find the land available immediately peace comes. *Would-be buyers should curb their desire to make too hasty plans for settling down. They should make careful investigations and consult their solicitors before paying out any deposit.*

Complaints—

A Welsh miner writes to complain of the dictatorial methods of his boss, and alleges that more than 100 tons of coal were lost recently because of slackness in providing equipment.

"Show him up," he urges, "he's a real bully."

—And the Law

We often get letters like that; in many cases the complaints are obviously justified. But we can't always do something about them, though we believe that anyone who hinders the war effort should be "shown up."

The law is very jealous of men's reputations. So jealous that, as things are, the guilty are often protected.

Puzzled

A reader who lives in an industrial area near London is puzzled about the shortage of miners. In his area, he says, there are hundreds of trained miners now in engineering work. They arrived during the pre-war pit slump.

They stay in their jobs while clerks and engineering apprentices are conscripted for mine work. "We cannot understand it," says our correspondent. Nor can a great many others outside Whitehall.

12s. 6d. a Time

Another word on dental treatment and the Approved Societies. A South London dentist criticises the societies because they quarrel over almost any treatment that is not strictly routine.

A difficult tooth may need surgical treatment. It may take up an hour of a professional man's time; 2s. 6d. is hardly a fair fee. Yet the Approved Societies (he says) will not entertain any applications for special payment.

Dental Charter

Regretting (as we do) that his profession has decided in favour of keeping up the system of private practice, our correspondent suggests that if, nevertheless, the Government decided on a national dental service, three demands should be met:

An adequate salary for dentists of about £1,000 a year; a twelvemonth probationary period in which all men below standard are rejected; and compulsory refresher courses with bonuses for the dentists who come out best.

Anxiety—

A young Chatham woman, expecting a baby soon, is wondering where to have it.

The last maternity home she tried asked ten guineas to book a bed. Of course, she hadn't got ten guineas. Nor, without anything fixed, has she got the peace of mind a mother-to-be deserves.

—And Comfort

In contrast, a wealthy young West End wife has just been having a lovely time in a famous private hospital. She arrived for a minor throat operation with six suitcases full of fancy clothes and installed her maid so that she could dictate letters during convalescence.

Cafe Robbery

Café prices in many areas are among the biggest scandals of the war. Four Royal Marine sergeants went into a place in the West of England the other evening and were asked 3s. for a thin slice of chopped ham and a bit of dried egg.

That's roguery.

When they complained they were told: "Oh, we cater for the Americans."

That's worse.

More Paper Work

An important official from the Ministry of Food called the other day at a busy London Food Office.

He saw the clerks patiently helping people with their ration book problems. And approved?

Not a bit of it. An order went out that inquiries should no longer be answered at the counter. In future people were to "write in."

Extra time, labour, paper and trouble—all to make an extra little bit of that precious bureaucratic red-tape.

Called to Idleness

More examples. . . . An experienced girl was called up from a grocer's shop, sent to a factory where eight women were doing the work of two.

The factory conditions (not the work) did not suit her health—which was never good. Still, she could not get a transfer. And now there's nothing at all for her to do at the factory.

Left Without Help

Yet the call-up goes on. A family of three live in a biggish house. The aged couple look after their daughter, who is not fit for work. The mother is an invalid herself.

They had the last maid taken from them but managed to get another—just under forty-five. She's now been directed to another job. The entire family of three are ill, but they can get no help whatever.

Chance to Gamble

While this sort of thing is going on we hear from a twenty-year-old girl who works in the Leeds district. "Works" is only a courtesy title (as she explains), though her employers are on Government contracts.

For a fortnight she has had hardly anything to do. To kill time she walks round the factory and sees men playing cards and gambling in working hours. She thinks of her three brothers; two in the fighting forces and the third in the Merchant Navy.

Better Late?

In October, 1942, "compulsory" registration of firewatchers took place in a country area of Kent. From then until a few weeks ago several men and women were on duty every night. They were not very pleased that one or two dodgers, who had ignored the registration, had never had to do anything.

The fire-watching has now stopped. And the dodgers "are to be communicated with by the authority with a view to prosecution."

Isn't that a bit late in the day?

Tricky Phrase

In the London district a circular, now four months old, laid it down that where wardens' posts are kept open at night it is sufficient to have two wardens on duty, provided that one remains "on the alert."

That last phrase is causing a lot of trouble. In many regions it's taken to mean that if one warden stays near the telephone, though not necessarily awake, things are all right.

Double Time

But in other areas wardens are required to keep fully awake. Not only the whole-timers but the part-timers, who are doing long hours during the day in their normal jobs.

Hampstead provides examples of this hardship. It ought to stop. There's no reason for it since the Ministry of Home Security issued its very sensible directive about saving all unnecessary manning of posts.

B. B. Croons

The proposed changes in the B.B.C. programmes are not, intelligent people must think, drastic enough.

For there is apparently to be no check to the spate of tearful rubbish moaned and sobbed by "crooners" who can neither sing nor act.

The fact that, thanks perhaps to the efforts of clever publicity agents, they are able to earn many times the salary paid to the Prime Minister is surely no excuse for the excitement and nauseous flattery with which they are introduced to the microphone.

He's Not Jealous

Even Mr. Churchill is not treated to such ecstatic receptions—nor, we presume, would he want them. Do the public want them?

Well, the B.B.C. on its own showing has plenty of evidence that the public welcomes not only good light music, but the virile dance music of the type popular when dancing consisted of something more than sauntering across the floor.

Less moaning would lighten our "blues."

SIGN OF PROGRESS

Congratulations to the Hon. Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie, who's got the scholastic record of a blue-stocking and looks like a film star. Congratulations, because she's just been appointed assistant to the commercial secretary at the British Embassy in Moscow. Thus she becomes Britain's third woman diplomat. It's a good tendency—this acceptance of women at the Foreign Office. May it one day bring a little more plain speaking.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Our strategy in the South-West Pacific becomes clearer. Four converging movements aim towards the powerful Japanese stronghold and naval base at Truk, the island in the Caroline group, 700 miles north of where we are now operating.**
- *If Truk once falls, all Japan's gains in a wide arc from the Philippines to Singapore will be cut off from the Japanese homeland and from Japanese supplies.*
- Reorganisation of local German commands along the whole Western coast of Europe has followed Rommel's inspection tour. New staff officers and new S.S. generals have been drafted to vital jobs.
- **Sabotage in the most delicate key-positions of the Atlantic Wall is worrying the German High Command. Nazi Press says France and Belgium are "riddled with spies."**
- *Bulgarian troops in considerable numbers have joined Marshal Tito's Partisan army in Yugoslavia.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

NEW CHARTER FOR WOMEN

ALTHOUGH our countrywomen have played a bigger part in this war than in any other, their great contribution to the national effort has met with ttle reward.

Some concessions had to be made to mothers d housewives. But, apart from these, the State s demanded equal service from both sexes.

Yet there has been no basic improvement in e status of British womanhood. Economic sex uality is not yet in sight.

Some publicity has been given to "feminist" ims of relatively trivial importance.

A petition is to be presented to Parliament at married women be granted an equal share their husbands' incomes after the household penses have been met.

The suggestion has also been put forward at the State should pay all wives a salary of a week—an obvious gift to the miserly sband!

Sensible women must surely realise that here are far bigger things to fight for than rise from any domestic grievance, real or imaginary.

Indeed, this bickering about the respective ights" of husband and wife tends to obscure e main issue of equal citizenship for men and men.

JOHN BULL *believes in this equality of citizenship. We want to abolish sex discrimination in this country.*

To this end, the question of pay must come first. We stand absolutely by the principle of "the rate for the job."

So do the trade unions. So does the Labour rty. And so, we believe, does the majority of e population.

But the Government does not. Some employers are strongly opposed to it, and a minority short-sighted and selfish men is terrified by it.

In certain industries the rate for the job has en uniform for years, but, broadly speaking, it still true that a woman's work is held at less lue than a man's, even when both are doing e same thing or producing the same article.

Women wardens are getting £1 a week less an men; throughout the defence services there a similar disparity.

In the munition factories, large numbers of men are being paid lower wages than the men ey have replaced at the bench.

According to the *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, rious general manufacturing industries, employing more than 6,000,000 operatives, were ying an average weekly wage last year of 3s. 9d. to men over twenty-one, against 58s. 6d. week to women over eighteen.

ROBABLY the proportion of skilled men was higher; but, even so, the comparison is striking.

Again, in the Scottish retail drapery, outting and boot and shoe trades the minimum ge for adult male workers is more than £1 a ek higher than for adult workers of the other .

Instances of similar discrimination in business and manufacture could be multiplied indefitely. Even more important is the fact that the overnment itself is setting a bad example.

Hence the campaign newly launched by representatives of nearly a hundred women's organisations for equal pay for women in the Civil Service.

Hence, too, Dr. Summerskill's plea in the ouse of Commons some months ago for members of the Women's Services to be paid at the me rate, rank for rank, as men.

She condemned the Government's policy of ilising cheap labour as supplied by women; she ought it "rather curious" that there had not been a strong agitation for "the rate for the job" in the Women's Services.

It *is* curious that women throughout the country have not united to fight for this economic equality in every field of activity.

Let all men, even the most selfish, pause to consider their own position in this matter. Let them ask themselves how seriously their own earnings might be affected should selfish employers be left free to draw upon a huge reservoir of cheap female labour.

In any case, the Government is pledged to a policy of full employment for all; the country cannot become prosperous unless that policy be implemented; and the standard of living for the community is determined not by maximum but by minimum wages.

It follows that both sexes stand to gain by equal pay for equal work.

Granted, then, the justice *and* the expediency of equal pay for equal work, what should be woman's next objective in the fight for equal citizenship? Surely it should be the removal of the marriage bar.

Under the existing system, hundreds of thousands of women workers have to choose between marriage and their chosen careers.

It is true that, owing to war time shortage of staff, the marriage bar in these professions has been so far relaxed that women may continue in their old employment even after marrying.

But this "generous" concession is for duration only. Moreover, the schools and the banks and the insurance offices, all of which have been exploiting women workers ever since they first employed them, compel the girls who marry to forfeit their pension rights and revert to temporary pay and status!

And if this is not an abominable scandal we don't know a scandal when we see one!

Let's face the alternatives: We, as a nation, must either accept wifehood and motherhood as being of tremendous value to the State or else we must admit that all our talk about the need for a rising birth-rate is so much nonsense and hypocrisy.

When peace comes we shall be desperately short of teachers. To meet even the short-term programme of the new Education Bill we may need anything from 40,000 to 80,000 new teachers with an annual intake of 10,000 recruits.

Obviously we cannot afford to lose trained women teachers merely because they decide to marry.

Every woman worker should be free to marry without economic penalty, just as the men workers are free to do so.

The Assistant Mistresses' Association, meeting in London, demands the removal of the marriage bar. JOHN BULL supports that demand and extends it on behalf of every woman worker still subject to this wicked restriction.

The third essential step towards the economic equality of the sexes is to throw open every sort of work to both.

WE should, as a people, welcome women as recruits to every branch of industry and to all the professions.

In the professions many old prejudices and many existing difficulties in the matter of training will have to be broken down. The country is badly in want of more women doctors, teachers, lawyers, nurses, and so on to meet the existing demand for them, let alone the call of the future.

Marriage need not interrupt any woman's career, but motherhood must obviously do so. This is, however, no reason for debarring mothers from their rights and privileges as citizens.

On the contrary, it is up to us as a community first of all to recognise motherhood as a supreme service to the country, and then to make sure that no economic penalties shall attach to it.

This implies the payment by the State of family allowances, the provision of ample nursery schools, and the transformation of domestic service into a skilled, well-paid and dignified occupation.

Lagging far behind popular opinion though it be, the Government is moving forward in all these directions. We shall give our support to every fresh approach to equal citizenship, and we urge our readers and the general public to join us in trying to secure fair play for all women when the war they are so largely helping to win is over.

In Poland Now—1. Underground Court

THE first of the *public* trials of war criminals, held in Kharkov, aroused the interest of the world.

But hardly any publicity has been given to the trials, sentences and executions of Nazi thugs which for some time have been carried out under the very noses of the *Gestapo* in Poland.

★ ★ ★

Such cases are conducted by the underground movement's official Court of Judges.

Sitting in secret session, the judges carefully sift the evidence and pronounce their verdict—in the absence of the accused.

But such absence in no way prevents the verdict being put into effect. Witness the fate of Wilhelm Krueger, *Gestapo* Chief in Cracow.

It was he who evolved the method of putting barefoot men, women and children into railway vans spread inches thick with wet quicklime.

It was he who herded Jews into their synagogues and then set fire to the buildings.

So the Court of Judges sentenced him to death.

The sentence was published—as most of the Court's findings are published—in the underground newspapers.

Krueger, in fear of his life, travelled with an escort of gunmen on motor-cycles and in armoured lorries bristling with machine-guns.

Nevertheless, the sentence of the Court was carried out—with a time bomb, which blew Krueger and his car to hell.

And the Nazis had to find a new *Gestapo* Chief for Cracow!

It is significant that the new Chief proved less savage than the old. In Free Poland it is common knowledge that the activities of the Court of Judges are having a salutary effect on Nazi nerves.

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Another important case was that of Hoffman, the degenerate sent to Poland to debauch the youth of the country.

Protected night and day by a strong *Gestapo* guard, he laughed when he heard of his death sentence.

But it was an uneasy laugh.

And when he and his bodyguard arrived home in the evening the swastika-uniformed sentries stationed outside his house saluted smartly before stabbing Hoffman and his men to death as they walked up the steps to the front door.

The "sentries" were the Court's executioners in Nazi uniforms—and every one of them escaped.

★ ★ ★

They usually do, for this business of escape is the result of careful specialised training. Although hundreds of executions have been carried out, very few executioners have been captured.

I could cite other cases in which the condemned criminals were executed within a few hours of sentence being passed.

But suffice it that the Court of Judges has not only passed and executed sentences on hundreds of war criminals, but has achieved two very significant results.

The first is that in nearly every case where a sentence of death has been carried out the successor appointed to the post is much more circumspect in his handling of the Poles.

The second is that the *Gestapo* can't do a thing about it!

H. K.

General NIKOLAI VATUTIN,

Commanding 1st Ukrainian Army Group

DEAR GENERAL,—Nearly a year ago, when the glory of Stalingrad was still fresh in the minds of men the free world over, your men were advancing between Kharkov and Stalino. It was then that your promotion to full general was announced.

Since that day your armies have travelled fast and far. You stormed the mother city of Kiev three months ago and your victory was like a death knell to the German High Command.

We in this country knew little about you when your name first became associated with the Red Army's impressive victories

We know little more to-day.

You and other Russian generals don't publicise yourselves. You just get on with the war's biggest job, the smashing of the German army.

The few meagre personal details I have gathered reveal you as a man who looks tough and *is* tough. You are one of the few professional soldiers of the old Tsarist régime who have got to the top of the Red Army ladder.

You are still young, in the early forties (you've got to be young to keep up the gruelling pace you have set for your men). As an exponent of tank warfare you have few equals

General Vatutin

It would have been strange if an inspired leader of men like yourself had not earned a nickname. The Red Army found the right word when they christened you "Molnya," meaning "Lightning."

Manstein, to his sorrow and his cost, knows how appropriate that nickname is. The swiftness of your advance, the supreme vision and daring of your strategy, and the brilliance of your tactical plans, have carried the spearheads of your armies miles into Poland.

If, as is reported, Manstein has been sacked by Hitler, I have no doubt that the word "Vatutin" will be engraven on his heart. In the vast battle of wits you fooled and tricked the German commander every time.

Manstein played right into your hands when he launched his counter-offensive against the Kiev Bulge. You had the measure of the enemy all the time, knew that you could halt the advance when you wished.

By the time you did halt Manstein the latter was too deeply engaged to free his menaced divisions, and one of the war's decisive battles was virtually won.

Carry on, comrade general, we're all with you!—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—If you reach what remains of Berlin before we do, you'll have earned the honour.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. R. A. BUTLER,

President, Board of Education

DEAR MR. BUTLER,—You are proud of your new Bill. You talk about it as though a new millennium were dawning in our schools, our colleges, and our technical training establishments; whereas you know that the primary needs of the Bill have not even been studied, let alone met.

You ask for all in the world of education, whatever differences they have about the contents of your Bill, to "put their money on this horse and see that it wins the race in national reconstruction."

That appeal is directed, among others, to the teachers of this country. Well, if they put all their money on the horse wearing your colours it won't be much. And that's one fundamental reason why the runner may not stay the course

Rewards paid teachers, both in the past and in the present, are a shameful reflection on a State which supposedly places great value on the education of its children.

In post-war years you'll need thousands more teachers. Unless you step up salaries, especially initial salaries, at least 50 per cent. you won't get the men and women you want. And the schools will go through another period of educational doldrums.

Make teaching and its conditions attractive, and you'll attract the right sort of teacher. Be niggardly—as your Department has been since its inception—and you'll get the wrong sort. It's up to you.—JOHN BULL.

Skipper DORA WALKER,

Sandsend, near Whitby

DEAR MADAM,—As the only woman in Britain allowed to go to sea in command of a ship you can look back over the past few years with quiet pride in a job well done.

In your fishing vessel *Good Faith* you have risked German mines and German bombs.

On five occasions you have saved fellow-fishermen from the perils of the sea.

At fifty you look ahead to the days when ships will be needed. Yours is the spirit that has kept Britain staunch and confident in times of crisis and despair.

The Vikings had the same bold outlook. And they handed on the daring of their roving seamen. Good luck, skipper!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. NATHANIEL MICKLEM,

Mansfield College, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—Many of us are trying to-day to size up the future.

It's not an easy task. There are so many factors, known and unknown, to consider that none of us can say with any degree of certainty just what the years to come have in store for bedraggled and buffeted mankind.

Yet there are some things which, of a certainty, should be assured. One of them is a scheme of values.

Commenting on Dr. Temple's "five points" on Christian fellowship, you declared: "We have come to a turning point in history where a world order has to be found, and we shall find this (if we do) by thinking and experimenting, not by just feeling kind."

I agree that kindness, like patriotism, is not enough. Nor is thinking or experiment if thoughts and experiments are lacking in the one supreme aim—the happiness and peace of the world.

This war has taught us the value of kindness, just as it has taught us that there are other things more important than material success.

It will be a thousand pities if we fail to profit from that lesson when we cast our minds ahead.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

He Changed His Mind

THE wheels of war have nothing to do with tanks, or lorries, or mobile guns. They are unseen wheels, spinning night and day, making queer evolutions and revolutions, and affecting implacably the lives of us all.

To the few the wheels spin merry music, a music of vast wealth and rare opportunity. To some the turn of the wheels brings power, the direction and control of millions of human beings.

To the many the wheels drag out a monotone of dull suffering and misery, bring a blind acceptance of the stupidity of it all and induce an apathy of tragic resignation.

★ ★ ★

Sometimes there is a puckish quality in the turn of the wheels.

Months ago I remember meeting a man—you would describe him as solid, assured and well off. He lived in a pleasant villa, in a pleasant Home Counties town, and the war had scarcely impinged on the pleasant ways of his pleasant life.

How he hated the miners. "By Gad, Sir," he would say, in the best manner of Col. Blimp, "they are traitors, sir. Daring to think of a few extra shillings a week when the country needs coal so badly. And daring to strike—"

His venom was incredible.

Then the wheels of war made one of their impish turns. Mr. Bevin held his ballot for mineworkers. And this man's son was roped in for the vital job of increasing the coal output.

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Overnight the hatred this pleasant man had for the miners vanished. His thoughts were coloured and disrupted by visions of men sweating and toiling in the bowels of the earth, facing death or injury every minute of the working day.

It was intolerable, he declared in his new-found anger, that men should suffer such conditions. They were entitled to better things. The Government should do something to improve conditions.

The miners—and he meant really that son of his caught in the turning wheels—were right in insisting that they should be given a square deal.

Maybe this man is not alone in being compelled to revise his opinion on a matter of which he is completely ignorant.

The war to him is still a personal matter. He doesn't really care a rap for the miners or their problems. But he does care for his son and for his safety and comfort.

The wheels just turn on. They will make more queer turns before they cease spinning.

Mr. WALTER COOTE,

Howard Road, Barking

DEAR SIR,—There is a strong de among many women to-day for part ship in the home—you will read ab the pros and cons of that activity e where in this issue.

One reason why many wives are satisfied with their lot is that men you don't play the game with th When you were sued in Ilford Co Court for possession of your house £12 arrears of rent your earnings stated to have been £9 10s. a week the last three months.

Then your wife revealed that you her £3 10s. a week; 9s. of that was posed to be earmarked for rent. The mainder was to keep you, her, and children. Your wife confessed that didn't know you were earning £6 a more than you allowed her.

I often wonder what husbands like think of marriage. You produce a family and impose on your wife an tolerable economic burden when have the means to relieve her of th worries.

If all fathers were like you the "r for wives" campaign would sweep whole country. Happily, you and kidney are in the minority, and wives get that square deal which merit.—JOHN BULL.

Miss NANCY ADAMS,

Secretary, Domestic Workers' Un

DEAR MISS ADAMS,—My past refere to the problems concerning you and members of your union have been you know, sympathetic and, I h helpful.

Throughout Britain to-day score thousands of women, who used to domestic servants as thoughtlessly they rang up the butcher for ha dozen chops, are wondering anxio just what sort of service they are to get after the war.

Now that Mr. Bevin has propos system of home helps you believe th may so develop that it may oversha or displace the present impossible sy

Your task to promote the new sy and to make it a success is not eas

Problems yet to arise will have tackled. Until a Domestic Charter comes law some of those problems seem beyond solution.

Why not set the ball rolling by naming your union? What about Home Help Union?—JOHN BULL.

And They Just Walked Out!

A THOUSAND MILES TO FREEDOM—6

By GUARDSMAN A.A.

Breaking away from a German escort after the fall of Belgium, Guardsman A.A. undertook a secret mission to Paris for the "underground movement," witnessed the tortures and hardships of the French, was nearly killed by R.A.F. bombs, and after many other narrow escapes from death reached the industrial town of Lille

I WALKED out of Lille and instinctively walked south. I was having dreams as I walked. I was delirious with hunger and deadly sick.

I had some dizzy idea that I was back home . . . saw a curious door. Our house had a similar one. I knocked at it. It opened.

"Well, here I am," I said.

Then the floor swung up at me. I opened my eyes to find myself on a pile of hay. There was a man bending over me with a face like a rising sun.

He said in broken English: "Lucky for you you came here. You are English, eh? You have been talking English for the last fifteen minutes without stopping. I have been in England, too. Keep your mouth shut and I will bring you some soup."

One More River—

That farmer had been a refugee in the last war. England had received him then, and now he said that he was glad to receive me for England's sake.

"I need a hand," he said. "You can stay here and work a bit when you are strong enough. Then, later on, maybe you can get out. We'll see."

I stayed. Soon I was strong enough to work in the fields. I worked for eight weeks. Then I decided to try again. The farmer gave me my wages and something more; added a good pair of boots and a strong suit of clothes.

"Come back," he said. "Come back. Come back with the Guards and the rest of them, boy, with your bayonets red and your magazines empty!"

This time I rode part of the way by train.

I walked the last fifty miles to the River Cher. The bridge was still guarded. I tried to cross. They kicked me away. I wandered down by the river and waited for nightfall.

It was cold now. Night came soon. I listened for the feet of the patrol. I lay flat on my belly on the wet grass.

I am not a praying man, and have skived as many church parades as I could in my time; but I said prayers then. You are always ready to be polite to God when you want something off Him.

The patrol came near. It passed.

I slipped into the river. It was very cold indeed. I hadn't swum for ages. My clothes hampered me. I got into midstream. The current was strong. I was swept away like an empty box, struggling wildly. I managed to get my coat off, and used my arms more freely.

Betrayed

But the cold water and the current were too strong for me. I felt the last ounce of strength go out of me.

And then an idiotic thought occurred to me.

You'd never guess what it was. *I remembered the date!* It was October the 16th . . . my birthday! I thought, "What the hell! Die now? I'll be damned first."

It's silly, but true. I swam the River Cher on my birthday, and I'll swear I got over because I happened to remember it at that moment.

I got on to land two miles downstream. I was very glad to be alive. Then the wind bit me. I was soaked through with icy water. My coat was gone.

I remembered that most of my money was sewn into the lining of it. I had nothing again, except my boots, shirt and trousers, and about five francs in change.

All I had to do was keep myself alive until I could get hold of the American Consul. If he could help me, I thought, I was as good as back in England.

I was very foolish to think so. I didn't know it, but my journey wasn't half over yet.

I found shelter in the house of a clerk. He let me dry my clothes. I told him how glad I was to be on real French soil at last.

"Free French soil," said the clerk. "Bah. There is no Free French soil. 'Unoccupied' is simply a polite term."

He offered me his overcoat, but he was a very little man and thin. The coat wouldn't have fitted me, and the lack of it would have caused him to go cold all that winter.

I mustn't tell you much about the next stage of this journey.

I had struggled with all my heart and soul to get out of the frying-pan. With one last heartbreaking effort I did it—and landed neatly in the fire.

I was caught again. I was betrayed by a spy.

It was in Marseilles. I found myself interned, behind barbed wire for the duration of the war; once again a prisoner of war.

When the first depression had passed—and I didn't let it get me for long—I looked about me. I had two friends, good British boys. One day I said to them:

"I'll lay you three to one I can get out of this place to-morrow night. Are you game?"

And exactly like my old pals on the road to Nivelles, they replied, "Game for anything."

"Then listen," I said. "I'm section leader, and this is the scheme. . . ."

The idea was a very simple one.

Daring Plans

One thing that happened to me years ago always stuck in my mind. I was a recruit at a training battalion. One morning, hurrying to the square for a parade, I was absolutely horrified to see that I had put my web braces on inside out. This was something no Guardsman could hope to get away with.

When we got on parade I found myself in the most conspicuous position of the company—right-hand man of the front rank. I gave myself up to despair; then stuck my chest out and stared straight in front of me. The officer passed me with a casual glance, without noticing that anything was wrong.

This was a chance in a thousand, but it taught me something: that people, especially people on the look-out for something, tend to miss what sticks out most obviously.

If you want to do anything—if you decide to take a chance on a thing—do it calmly and boldly, under everybody's nose.

In perfect "line astern," the destroyers turn out of Gibraltar harbour to escort a homebound convoy

Our escape from the internment camp at Marseilles was funny—really funny. When I explained the idea to my friends they thought I was mad, that my brain had cracked at last; for I really did look a little wild at that time.

I said, "We'll simply walk out."

"How?" they asked.

"You two will walk arm-in-arm, like what they call *copains*, old pals. I'll walk beside you, telling you something or other in French. When we get to the guard, you'll both burst out laughing—like ruddy hyenas. I'll try not to laugh, if you get what I mean, and then I'll laugh with you."

"But that's crazy!"

"It isn't," I said. "There's been a gang of skilled men working on the brick buildings they are putting up in here. They have passes, but sometimes, in fact quite often, the guard doesn't bother to ask for them. They know the workmen by sight, you see.

"Well, if we look like workmen and act as workmen might act, it'll put the guard off guard, if you get what I mean."

One of them said, "It's daft, but I don't mind having a go. They can only fetch us back."

"They can damn well shoot us as prisoners trying to escape," the other said.

I said, "Listen. I've been footing it over this country for . . . it seems like ten thousand years. I've been right on top of death for ages. I want to get home. Whether you are with me or not, I'm going, and, what's more, I'm going at five o'clock this very day.

"So take it or leave it. But if you come, you've got to play this game for all it's worth and bluff yourselves through. Well?"

"We're not arguing," they said.

And so we followed my plan exactly. At about ten to five we walked along the road to the barrier. I started to talk. My friends began to laugh. They laughed rather badly; it sounded forced.

"Let yourselves go, for God's sake!" I said, and let out a wild peal of the most hysterical laughter it is possible to imagine.

The sergeant on guard couldn't help smiling in sympathy. Laughter got hold of my friends, as it will, when it runs on long enough. They shrieked. Tears ran down their faces. We were keyed up, too; that helped.

A publican I know has a trick drinking glass; a thin one with a bulb at the bottom. Try to drink out of it, and the beer comes out in a trickle at first, then in a rush that wets you from head to foot. Our laughter was like that.

I saw the sergeant of the guard start to come towards us. This was the point of balance of the whole game. One false move, one tiny flash of suspicion, and we were finished.

It was pretty awful—shrieking with laughter, with our hearts missing beats at the sight of the bull-necked sergeant and the corporal staring at us.

I staggered towards the sergeant, and, laying my hand on his arm, acted as if I was trying to tell him something, but was too overcome with laughter. He actually began to laugh, too, and so did the corporal.

I gasped a few words: "Ah non . . . ah non . . . ca c'est un peu trop fort . . . ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

I threw my arm about the shoulders of my nearest comrade, and so we went through the barrier and ambled down the road. By that time we were laughing in real earnest—we couldn't stop!

We laughed off and on, in little bursts, for several minutes, until, quite exhausted, we stopped at the first bend and paused for breath.

Last Lap

One of my friends—let's call him George—said: "For the Lord's sake, Bert, what were you in Civvy Street? A ruddy mind-reader?"

I said, "Just a mug that went and got himself into the Guards. But, so help me, to get back home just now, I'd find some way of walking up a 10-ft. wall."

"Well," said Fred, "where do we go from here?"

I said, "There's nothing to do but keep going, use your loaf, keep a hold on yourself, and trust to the Lord."

So we got out of Marseilles.

I may not tell you what happened then. If ever I tell all my story it will be later, perhaps when this war is over.

I can only say that in due course I was escorted into Gibraltar. I weighed about seven stone. I looked like an Arab. I found myself aboard an English ship . . . saw those blue uniforms, and heard those good cheerful English accents. . . . "Hiya, pal!" "All right, cully?" "Doing all right, sonnie?" . . .

And then for the third time I shed some tears. I rushed away to a private place and wept a bit.

I'm not ashamed of that. I'd been away ten months. I had suffered a little, perhaps. But if I had suffered twenty times more it would have been worth it, just for the joy of that moment of landing in England.

They say I did a remarkable thing, getting back. Did I? I don't care.

What am I, without England? How could I lie and rot in a prison camp when I had a chance, even one chance in millions, of struggling home to fight again?

I'm no hero. I'm simply an Englishman, a soldier, and a working man, who doesn't want any other place in the world.

And now I find that I have been awarded the Military Medal. It's nice of them. I'll always treasure it.

But looking about me at the hundreds of thousands of heroes in the blitzed towns of England to-day, I don't feel inclined to boast much about the little I did. There are fine men and fine places in every country. But without England and the English, I wouldn't want to go on living.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS? Asks Swaffer

Can't we teach them a new step?

INNUMERABLE people all over the world have been saying for months, "We must control Germany, so that it never can happen again." And, having said that, they seemed to be content that permanent peace in Europe could be assured.

Already, though there has come an awakening. Discussion on how Germany should be controlled, when started in the newspapers, revealed that almost everybody had a different plan!

Why, not even Wells and Shaw, the world's two greatest Socialist writers, saw eye-to-eye about it! Nor did Tories agree with one another, nor the Liberals!

Every detail of any scheme finds opponents somewhere. What to one is an obvious remedy strikes another as merely the cause of another problem.

Just the Jews

"Victory" a publicist who started one argument, argued that for three years Germany should be bossed by a Government which, "under the joint direction of the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the United States, would guarantee freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and freedom of the Press," and that Allied troops should occupy Germany for one year after her surrender.

I cannot understand how Europe generally would tolerate, except because it couldn't resist, control by the three great Powers.

"Who is to bear the cost of a vast and expensive military occupation?" asked Emanuel Shinwell.

And so about everything everybody took a different point of view.

I should like to ask how we can expect Russia to guarantee freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and freedom of the Press in Germany.

Until the other week nearly all the whole world had condemned her for being "anti-religious," and even now freedom of speech and freedom of the Press is by no means a part of her own system.

Nor is there real freedom of the Press in this country, in which there are towns and cities run by Socialist Councils where all the newspapers are anti-Socialist. Then, in the last American election, over 80 per cent. of all the newspapers were anti-Roosevelt, and the public was pro-Roosevelt.

Besides, how long are we going to guarantee the future? Within four years of a "Khaki Election," in which, in 1902, we condemned the Boers to perdition, we returned a Liberal Government which gave them Home Rule.

Then, soon after a 1918 election, fought and won on "Hang the Kaiser," who had already run away to safety, our secret Government—Big Money—was advancing to Germany the finances with which to build up the forces we are now fighting!

Besides, Roosevelt faces, next November, another election. If the Republicans, with an "America First" policy, beat him, how on earth can the Americans have any share in controlling Germany, or even take an interest in it?

Yes, it is all as difficult as that.

I have myself more than once, argued that all the Nazis in Germany should be re-educated, have proved to them the essential wrongness of the Nazi doctrines, and be taught how and why Democracy beat Fascism in battle on land, on the sea, and in the air.

Now S. Harcourt-Smith, a young ex-diplomat, points out, and with some reason, that plans for controlling German education cause him some misgivings.

"Repression can make martyrs of ideas," he says, "as well as of individuals."

Looking back on our own history, I remember that that is true.

"I should leave a chastened Germany to see to its own schools," writes Lord Elton.

Upon the hanging of Hitler and his gang there seems to be general agreement. Certainly, after the murder of so many millions in Europe, not even a peace time opponent of capital punishment would get excited over the matter.

Yet I, as one of these, must ask: "Do you really think that if we had hanged the Kaiser, Little Willie, Hindenburg and Von Papen it would have prevented this war?"

Heaven knows—I cannot be accused of any sympathy with the German criminals. I look back with pride on the fact that I seconded, at a great meeting in Kingsway Hall, the first anti-Hitler resolution passed in Britain.

That was at a time when, "Oh, these stories about atrocities are only Jewish propaganda," was a phrase you heard everywhere.

But now I find that many of the people who are advocating the crushing of Germany are the very people with whom I used to argue when they said, "Yes, but these Sudetens are Germans," murmur "Let Germany have all the Balkan trade," or went so far as to suggest the Germans should get back their colonies!

I see, too, that my recent argument that Germans should be used to rebuild much of what they have destroyed in foreign lands is answered by the same criticism that, except in a Socialist State, where it would be used for other purposes, this would mean unfair competition with the workers of each country concerned.

Our present system is so complex, so full of contradictions, that every method of making Germany pay is open to criticism.

When, last time, we took her coal it impoverished South Wales.

Lasting Lesson

When, later, we offered to pay part of our debt to the United States in goods because our gold had gone, her manufacturers objected because it would lessen their profits.

Yes, even a glance at the "How to deal with Germany" articles and letters I have been discussing is a grim reminder of the immensity of the task that faces us.

One hopeful sign to be found in them is that few of them sound vindictive. Nearly all seek a solution that will lead to permanent peace.

Louis Golding, the Jewish novelist, declares: "You cannot treat Germany as a colony of lepers."

Yes, after a careful study of all the statements made, and after due reflection, I really believe that the only lasting lesson that can be taught to Germany would be a new-born example by the democracies.

Talk is not enough

If, seriously, we had embarked on our adventurous pilgrimage towards the New World we had talked about, well, there surely would be something for Nazi-trained youth to study and learn from.

If the splendid spirit of 1940 could be recaptured, and the zeal and enthusiasm with which we then beat off the Hitler menace could be transmuted into a will to build up a new social order, that would be a greater lesson than anything we could make young Germans read even in our own history books, which have many chapters written in blood and tears.

What The

By A. G. GARDINER

As the Russian tide sweeps resistlessly on, certain questions fill all minds. What does it mean? Is it the beginning of the end? Is the German war machine cracking? Is German strategy bankrupt? Or is there a formidable counter-stroke in reserve?

Impressive as the facts are, we must not shut our eyes to the last-named possibility. Let us look at it first.

Since Stalingrad, the German armies have suffered a succession of defeats unparalleled in history. Their whole front from the Baltic to the Black Sea has been hurled back—over hundreds of miles, in places even a thousand miles.

Their losses of men and material have been astronomical, for the retreat has never been voluntary. Every town, every village, every square mile of territory has been desperately defended.

* * *

But though defeated in a hundred fields of battle, it cannot yet be said that the German army has been routed. Though the front has been hurled back, it has not yet been broken.

And as the retreat continues the balance of advantage may shift. The Russian lines of communication lengthen. The armies are hundreds of miles farther from their sources of supply. They advance through a devastated land, where every house is a ruin and every railroad is wrecked.

Meanwhile the enemy are falling back on their supplies. Their lines of communication are shortened.

If they can escape rout and keep their line intact they may still hope to deliver a counter-stroke against a foe stretched to the last extremity of its powers.

It was so that the German army fell exhausted before Moscow in the winter of 1941-42. *It was so that it collapsed at the last gasp in the ruins of Stalingrad in the winter of* 1942-43.

* * *

But the balance of forces, moral and material, has changed mightily since 1941. Then Germany was still on the flowing tide of conquest, invincible, confident of victory. She could face a set-back with the certainty of recovery.

To-day she is defeated and knows she is defeated. Everywhere she is in retreat and on every plane she is mastered. She has lost the air. She has thus lost her only real ally.

Her U-boats are defeated at sea. Her own navy is shattered, and the French and Italian navies that she expected to do her bidding are in our hands.

Her power-house in the Rhineland is in ruins, and half her cities are razed to the ground.

She has fallen behind in the race of armaments. Indeed, it has ceased to be a race, so completely has she been outdistanced.

The blockade has tightened its grip just when her necessities are most urgent. The weaknesses in her war potential—fuel, transport, man-power—are aggravated as the demands upon her resources increase.

Shortage of fuel contributed to her loss of Africa, the Mediterranean, and Italy.

Flight From Russia Means

The oil that might have saved her southern front was wasted in a futile attempt to seize the oil of the Caucasus. Her transport is bombed and sabotaged ashore and burned and sunk at sea.

MOST SERIOUS OF ALL IS THE LACK OF MAN-POWER. WITH THREE WAR FRONTS TO HOLD AGAINST ONE IN 1941, HER RESOURCES ARE APPALLINGLY DIMINISHED.

She has lost the cream of her army in Russia. She has lost the whole Italian army, which, if not a first-rate fighting machine, could fill up the gaps, do the police work, and crack the Gestapo whip in all the conquered countries.

Recruiting in the conquered countries has failed, and her satellites, Hungary, Rumania and the rest, have given all they can or will. She has 12 million enslaved enemies in her midst.

* * *

And overshadowing all these anxieties is the dread of the imminent avalanche from the West. The terrific prelude to that avalanche has already spread ruin and despair from end to end of Nazi Germany.

Who can measure the material damage, much less the moral damage, of that prelude? Whole cities, including the capital, laid waste. Whole industries wiped out. Whole populations homeless. Millions in flight.

It is a hideous fact. But Hitler willed it and, like Luther, we "could no other." He set out to wreck civilisation. We have to destroy him with his own weapons to save civilisation.

* * *

I come back to the questions with which I started. In the light of all this, what is the meaning of the Russian *débâcle*?

Our admiration and astonishment at the deeds of our allies cannot be stated in words. They can only be felt—felt with thanksgiving and gratitude.

But do not let us forget that this war is one and indivisible and that happenings remote from Russia have had and are having their part in this tremendous drama.

One thing is certain. The German army is not in flight in pursuit of a strategic purpose. The desperate attempt to hold on to the Dnieper bend shows that.

It is in flight because there has been no choice. It is in flight because the German war machine has failed. It is strained beyond its resources.

German strategy has suffered defeat not only because it has been opposed to a more daring and flexible strategy; it has been defeated because the German war machine is running down.

What was the arrogant claim of Hitler in his vainglorious past? It was that the German army was invincible Nothing and nobody had any hope of standing against it.

What is the ceaseless plea of his propaganda to-day? It is that his armies in Russia are retreating before an immensely superior power of men and machines.

This is to explain away the defeat. For the cardinal Prussian doctrine is that the army is never defeated. It may be stabbed in the back at home, or stabbed by malign circumstances abroad. But it is never defeated.

* * *

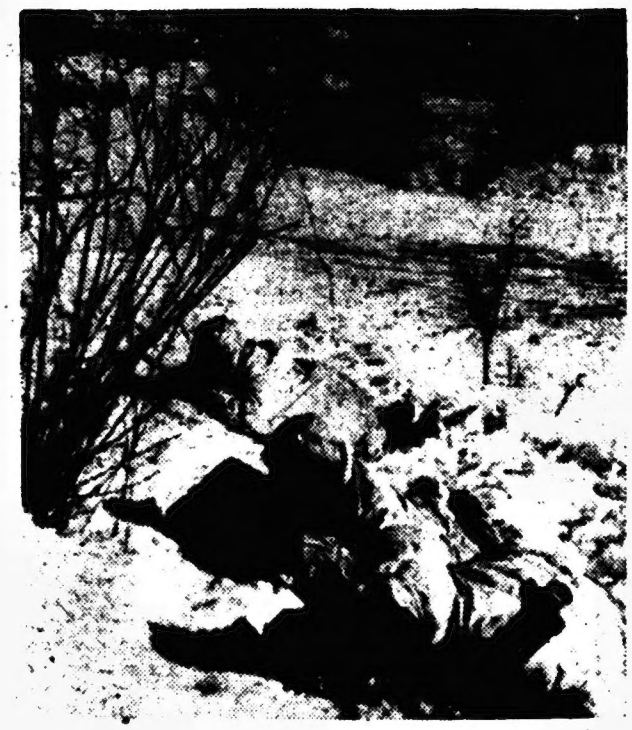
The plea, however, is true. Germany is being defeated in Russia because she has met a more formidable war machine.

Its resources are greater because in addition to her own vast contribution Russia has the unobstructed flow from the inexhaustible armoury of her allies.

Consider one fact alone. She has beaten Germany out of the skies because two-thirds of Germany's air power is retained for the defence of Germany against bombardment from the West. Nor can Germany send her mass of manœuvre to the East. It must be kept at home to meet the imminent avalanche from the West.

In a word, the meaning of Germany's catastrophe in Russia is—*Exhaustion*. This does not imply an early collapse. It does not imply that the invasion from the West will not encounter a terrific resistance.

But it does imply that Germany cannot maintain the struggle on all fronts. The fact of exhaustion is no longer concealed in Germany. Its symptoms have been apparent in many forms ever since the African campaign.



We have only one imperious duty—to destroy the enemy

Exhaustion is the clue to the flight from Russia. Exhaustion will increase as the strain increases. For the disease is mortal. There is no cure.

* * *

And the lesson for us is twofold. On the military plane it is Speed. We have the enemy "in chancery." We must give him no rest day or night; on land, by sea, in the air.

On the political plane, the lesson is Unity. Such hopes as the enemy still nurses are based on the chances of political disruption among the Allies.

So far as the Big Three are concerned those hopes perished at Teheran. But they linger in the lesser theatres—in the deplorable Russo-Polish dispute, in Greece, in Yugoslavia.

These follies must cease. We are at the grand crisis of human history. We have only one enemy. We have only one imperious duty—to destroy him.

Let our political quarrels wait till that duty is done.

Balkan Queens Join in Battle Royal

Queen Joanna

TWO queens are battling and scheming for their sons at the other end of Europe.

Does that sound dramatic? So it is.

For on their fight depends the fate of many Allied soldiers—and maybe the duration of the war.

Queen - Mother Helen of Rumania, Queen - Mother Joanna of Bulgaria. Both are anxiously looking towards the approaching Russian armies, are calculating the chances of an Anglo-American invasion.

You remember Helen's story.

Abandoned by Carol, she went into exile. When Carol fled in the face of German threats and set up house in Mexico for himself and red-haired Madame Lupescu, she returned.

Her son, Michael, was put on the throne with German help.

Helen, a Greek princess by birth, wasn't too fond of the Germans. But she knew enough of Balkan intrigues not to flout them.

Besides, she was determined that young Michael—she calls him Mihai—should remain a king.

Constantly by his side, she fenced with Rumanian statesmen and Nazi envoys. She used both skill and charm.

But her worry grew.

★ ★ ★

She saw her son coming under German influence. She could not stop him visiting Rumanian soldiers fighting with the German army on the Russian front.

And she knew, in her heart, that Rumania should be on the side of the Allies.

That is why you are now hearing rumours about Michael's attempts to secure a separate peace with the Allies.

Queen Helen, fighting like a lioness for her cub, is planning for Michael to come out on top whatever happens.

Queen Joanna, too, is getting desperate.

A daughter of Italy's King Victor Emmanuel, she has always been pro-Italian—which used to mean pro-Axis.

She was a strong influence in the councils of the late King Boris of Bulgaria, her husband, when he decided to throw his lot in with Hitler.

Indeed, he used to complain about her sympathies with her native land which overrode her allegiance to the country of which she was the Queen.

But Boris died mysteriously—murdered, probably, by Axis agents. And Italy's King, her father, switched over to the side of the Allies.

What was Joanna to do?

She became a member of the Bulgarian Regency Council, formed to direct the affairs of state during the boyhood of her son, King Simeon.

And, like Helen of Rumania, she used all her authority on his behalf.

★ ★ ★

In her mind, there must have been doubts about Germany's real intentions ever since she prayed at the grave of Boris. And the advantages of dealing with the Allies were obvious; even her father chose that course!

She decided to act as any mother would. Events in Bulgaria shape according to what she thinks best for her son, still too small to realise the difficulties of being a king.

Queen Helen

Yes, it's a queer business. We can't judge the politics and actions of Balkan queens by the dignified calmness of royal families in less turbulent and more civilised Western countries.

For centuries, Balkan monarchs have had to brave the perils of assassination, to learn the tricks of violent politics.

A trail of blood follows the line of succession in all these lands. Ruritanian as their Courts may seem, there's no musical comedy touch about the personal dramas now being enacted by these strong-willed queens!

WILLIE FRISCHAUER

Two People Had a Date

MRS. FLUKE and Miss Soper, the schoolmistress, were crossing the richly carpeted foyer of the Odeon. By common consent they had not stopped to see the end of the big feature, which had annoyed them both—being one of those pictures where the hero sinks enemy submarines six at a time single-handed.

"If he just sunk one of them," Miss Soper said sympathetically, "and let the rest of the Navy help him, it wouldn't be so bad."

Mrs. Fluke nodded. "I was thinking," she said, "we might have a cup of tea in the lounge upstairs now we have come out to enjoy ourselves."

The two ladies began to climb the broad marble staircase towards the gallery above.

"They do a lot of funny things in America, I'm told," Mrs. Fluke reflected. "I wasn't thinking of the film, though. It's this cinema. Every time I come here and think of that Mr. Wimple I feel like a good cry. Pot of tea for two and some cakes if you've got them," she added to the waitress.

"YOU'D think the Germans wouldn't have enough submarines to go round," Miss Soper complained.

Mrs. Fluke looked at her face in a mirror and closed her bag. "They hadn't long built the place," she said. "It was here it happened. Saddest thing ever! And they say my house has got a name for marrying people off! From up here you can watch the foyer."

"Who can watch who?" demanded Miss Soper.

I was telling you about my Mr. Wimple (the landlady said). It was before the war, of course, and he'd been with me four-five year, bless him. One of the nicest, quietest men you'd meet in a month of Sundays. In insurance, he was, and earning good money.

He had the first-floor rooms in the front, and no trouble at all.

Well, he wasn't much to look at, I grant you. Tall and thin and a few hairs drawn across the top of his head to hide the baldness.

Stamps was his hobby, and that was all he did to amuse himself except go off once or twice a year to some old boys' do from the school he used to go to. Cricket do's and an annual dinner.

He told me once he hadn't got any relatives—said that made him appreciate how I looked after him.

Mind you, if you ask me, I say that that sort of man, middle-aged, is a chance in a thousand for some home-loving woman, but that sort is always too shy and modest.

Well, you know how it is with a man who's always wondering what others will think of him. When they do break down and find you're sympathetic and not laughing at them they tell you everything.

When it happened he told me all about it—just like a boy.

You see, one Sunday morning I found him sitting on his bed, and I suppose I stared a bit. He looked so funny, and besides, he being so regular and dependable in his habits, I couldn't believe he'd be sitting up in his room at that time.

"Bless us, Mr. Wimple!" I said. "You look years younger! I couldn't believe it was you. Somebody left you some money, or something?"

"No, no!" he said, "I've—I'm quite all right."

"You haven't slept in that bed!"

He was fidgeting with his tie, and I could see he wished I would go away and leave him. "I—I've been up all night," he said at last.

Well, that was how it started. It turned out that he was dying to tell someone about it.

"I'm worried, Mrs. Fluke," he said. "I've been trying ever since I got in last night to make up my mind to do something. Or not to do it."

It took him the best part of that morning to tell me, and this is how it went.

It seems that when he was coming home from the office the day before—Saturday, it was—a lady got her arm caught in the carriage doors in the Tube. She gave a shout, and Mr. Wimple pulled the doors apart.

She wasn't hurt—only scared. They got into conversation. I can't imagine it, but it seems Mr. Wimple talked to her. He says it was about stamps.

It seems, too, they were getting off at South Ken. here, and they left the station together, still talking. The girl was a teacher at a girls' school, and from what I could get out of him she'd be in the thirties and got glasses.

Now, there's one thing clear about that schoolteacher, she must have had brains, for she saw what a fellow in a thousand Mr. Wimple was. Otherwise, I can't explain how they came to walk round for best part of an hour and then decide to have lunch in that restaurant opposite the Museum.

According to Mr. Wimple, it was the loveliest day imaginable, sunshine in the trees and birds singing. They finished the afternoon in Kensington Gardens, and then went into the West End to have tea.

"Bless us, Mr. Wimple! You look years younger! I couldn't believe it was you. Somebody left you some money, or something?"

Well, the funny thing is that Mr. Wimple—so he said—from the first knew that this was *it*, as far as he was concerned.

He never knew being in love was like this. But he kept telling himself it was silly at his age. As if it was! Why, it was bound to catch up with him sooner or later, and come all the fiercer for the long wait.

He told me he couldn't remember much what they did that day. But they went to a theatre and afterwards walked home across the park in the moonlight.

Proper struck the pair of them must have been, if you ask me! He said he realised that what was happening to him meant as much to him as being born and dying at the finish.

He couldn't help himself; he let himself go. He told her all about his home when he was a kiddie, how his people died, and he went to live with an aunt. How he wanted to go out to Canada as a boy, but settled down into insurance in the City.

"What I told her," he said, "I wouldn't have told anyone—except my mother, and she's dead."

"What about—her?" I asked him.

"She told me—told me about her life. It sounds silly, but I'm sure something happened between us. Something that was meant to matter, if you see what I mean, Mrs. Fluke.

"She has a very good job—it's a famous school. But all her life she's been lonely. Never been engaged—never met anyone she could talk to like this before. Her people died in India, and she was always good at books—got a scholarship to Cambridge.

"She says that sometimes she wants to scream. Term after term, with children coming and going. Everything moving on except her."

Then suddenly, that Mr. Wimple said to me: "We arranged to get married."

"*What?*" I said.

He looked all dreamy. "It must have been about one o'clock this morning. The moonlight was coming down through the trees by those big hotels in Park Lane. It was beautiful."

Well, this was about the best news I'd heard for years. "What are you moping about?" I asked him. "You're feeling well?"

"Mrs. Fluke!" he said. "I'm happy. I couldn't be happier. I'm glad I've waited for this, for it was worth it. I'm thinking of—of her. It was so crazy. We'd only known each other a few hours. What's she thinking now? How can she be anything except embarrassed at being carried away?"

"She's thinking no such thing of the sort. She's so happy I expect she's having a real good cry at this very moment. Take another woman's word for it, Mr. Wimple!" I was really angry. "Why, if you talk another word like this," I told him, "I'll—I'll——"

"It would be awful if she regretted it," he said. "I can't help realising how we were both carried away by some sort of madness."

"Madness! Nature! Just nature," I said.

His eyes were shining behind the glasses. "You think I ought to keep the appointment?" he asked me.

"Of course. If you don't, I'll never speak to you again!"

"I arranged to meet her in the foyer of the Odeon down the road here at noon. You think she really means it? Now, this morning—when she'd had time to think it over?"

"Of course she does! If you didn't turn up, what would she think of you?"

"All right! I'll go," he said. "You see, Mrs. Fluke, I have had the offer of the Vancouver office for some time. We were going to talk over our going to Canada, only I thought—well, you know how folks laugh at you. She might have told someone, and I imagined myself waiting there——"

"STUFF and nonsense!" I told him. "Rubbish! I've a good mind to put my hat on and take you there myself. What's the lady's name?" I asked him.

He blushed like a boy. "To tell you the truth, I never asked her. And I don't know where she's staying or the name of her school."

Well, he went off and waited in the foyer for 12 o'clock, but he got a sudden attack of nerves and a few minutes before the hour he came up these stairs here and took a table behind a palm. He was going to run down if she came in.

He sat there with his heart thumping watching the doors. Twelve came. Five-past—ten-past—half-past. She didn't turn up. He waited there until after one, then came home. I've never seen a man so down. He looked downright ill—ten years older.

HUMAN MACHINE

Inviting New Year Guests

● Let's have a "Guest Week." Let's invite all sorts of people to fill this space—known and unknown—their only test that of something to say worth our while to hear.

Robert Louis Stevenson: "We are not meant to be good in this world, but to try to be and fail and keep on trying; and when we get a cake to say: 'Thank God!' and when we get a buffet to say: 'Just so, well hit!'"

Thomas Carlyle: "The present is the important time, as all present time necessarily is. . . . We were wise could we discern truly the signs of our own times; and by knowledge of its wants and advantages, wisely adjust our own position to it."

An Unknown Guest: "Life is not dominated by Fate. Like the steamship we may drive into the face of the tempest. It is the high privilege of man to leave behind the old and outworn, and to welcome new truths, new methods. But while we ring out the old, its place must be filled with the better. . . ."

Francis Bacon: "That which is gone is past and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour with past matters."

And here's Stevenson again to wind up:

"Here lies a man who never did
Anything but what he was bid;
Who lived his life in paltry ease,
And died of commonplace disease!"

Short Story

By R. L. Jacot

been watching out for him. He shook his head and went up to his

tried to take him some food later, he wouldn't answer my knock and door was locked. I never saw him

E left next morning, paying his month's rent, but taking every and thing he possessed with him. dn't bear to face me, I expect, after way he'd opened his heart to me the before. Poor Mr. Wimple! The of man I'd walk barefoot across Europe for.

rs. Fluke stirred her tea intensively. re was a suspicion of moistness in eye—her tender heart was always weakest point.

But that wasn't the worst of it," she d. "I know something about my sex, and I knew that that girl would turned up, come rain, come shine. course, she would!

f anyone was thinking the other y might have regretted it, of the parties it would have been the girl. 't tell me she wouldn't have been one to wonder if the other hadn't impulsive and committed himself omething he would rather be out of. And I was right, m'dear!" Mrs. e said, in a strangled voice. "Every I see this foyer it reminds me. ise me, I'm such a fool.

But—but I found out the girl had there all the time—on the other of this balcony where you come in n the side door there. The pair of m had been watching the foyer! Oh, ! Oh, dear! This tea's nearly cold." liss Soper sniffed. "I don't wonder," said. "Not after the way you've crying in it."

o Rhyme—No Reason

HEN you think about it, it's odd the way we take things for nted, so long as they are well ablished.

n spite of all the noise about "the y latest" it seems to me you've got be "established fifty years" at least ou hope to get away with it.

o long as a thing is well dug in ore we come along we hardly ever stion it.

an you guess what made me start nking these useless thoughts? Well, other night somebody sang "Loch mond" on the wireless.

Have you ever thought about it? was surprised, to start with, to find t it doesn't rhyme. The four lines the chorus end with "road," "ye," gain" and "Lomond." Why it's en me fifty years to find this out don't know. Perhaps because I'm rely a stodgy Southerner.

Of course it may be claimed by the ots that a rousing chorus doesn't have rhyme to be a classic. All right. One nt against me. But if not rhyme, n surely reason.

And (after fifty years without being uisitive on the point) it suddenly urs to me that "Loch Lomond" esn't mean anything!

Translated and telescoped up a bit, s is the famous chorus:

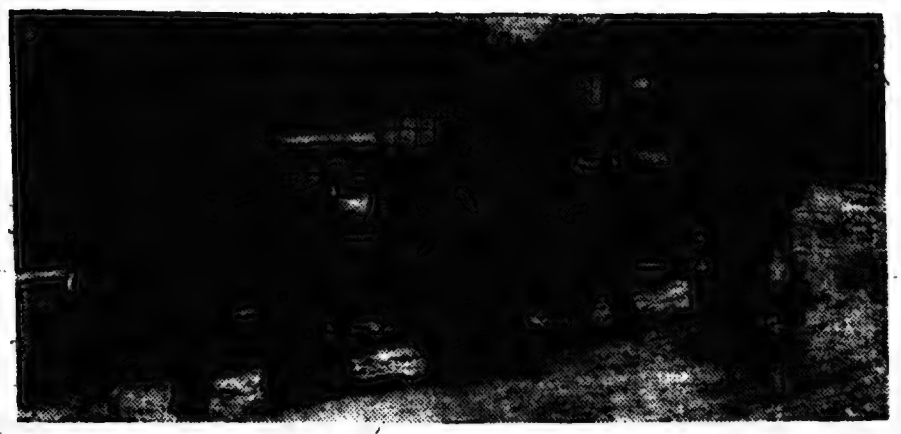
"You take the high road and I'll take low road, and I'll be in Scotland first, the boy friend and I will never meet in at Loch Lomond."

What does it *mean*?

What has a ruined love affair to do h going back to Scotland, high road low road, or getting there first?

Neither rhyme nor reason. But how 've all accepted it for years and years. Still, why worry? A. G.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER



Taps run dry, so water has to be carted from distant streams

Can February Fill the Dykes?

GRAVE water shortage is threatened over many thousands of square miles of Britain.

Even parts of London are being informed that some sort of water rationing scheme may be introduced.

Supply companies are blaming the dry autumn.

The real reason is the complete lack of a national plan for water conservation that would give Britain a steady and assured water supply all the year round instead of an endless repetition of drought and flood, flood and drought.

For that reason—and no other—residents in the extreme western suburbs of London are being officially warned that they may have their domestic supplies cut off and have to draw their rations of water by bucket from standpipes in the street.

The supply company issuing this warning is the Colne Valley Water Company, which caters for a wide area round Watford, Herts, that eats into Metropolitan London itself.

DANGER TO MILK

Its circular to consumers describes its water resources as having reached "a dangerously low level."

Again the reason given is the low rainfall of last year—which, from the point of view of a company with no power to plan nationally, is a perfectly honest excuse.

Such reasons are, indeed, being pumped into thousands of already waterless people all over the kingdom—and important war factories to which water for their boilers is a national necessity.

But rural populations are far worse off than city dwellers.

Over a wide area round Savernake there has been a complete lack of water since last September in some parts, and since last Spring in others.

Hundreds of scattered hamlets or lonely farms are either fetching their water from far-distant sources or are down to the last muddy dregs in their wells.

The situation is bad in some parts of Warwickshire, where milking herds have had to be reduced for want of water to cool the milk—and this at a time when milk is so important to our food supplies.

In several other counties, notably in the Midlands, there isn't sufficient water to ensure clean drinking water for the cows, clean udders, clean utensils, clean cowsheds.

Typical of the plight of hundreds of villages is that of Stainton-le-Vale, Lincolnshire.

Here, due to our national indifference to the urgent matter of giving everybody a good water supply, supplies normally depend on two taps and two pumps.

A few weeks ago not a drop of water was being yielded by the taps, and the pumps were dry.

In some water-starved parts of Britain big Army camps have been erected, and the Army has rightly driven supplies through to the camps.

WATER—BUT NO PLAN

In a few cases this has been a boon to local people. The Army has allowed local residents to make use of the water pumped through to the camps—at some small cost to the local authorities.

But in many other places, notably in the south, authorities are either refusing to make any contribution or differences have arisen between Army and civilian authorities which have resulted in civilians being refused the use of water which flows by their doors.

In one Sussex village the housewives are putting churns on lorries and getting supplies from a mile away, although the Army has ensured an excellent local supply.

One should not be too ready to blame the military authorities. They have to wring out of Treasury the money necessary to lay down such supplies, and there are all too many parsimonious authorities waiting to get water for nothing, which they undoubtedly will when the war is over and the Army have no further use for the pipes.

January—and vast tracts of Britain without water.

Who believes it is due to any absence of rain? It is due to the dislike of national planning so deep-rooted in us.

For we have embarked, under the force of compulsion, on a national scheme of land drainage to get bigger crops from the land. And improved land drainage means that rain, when it comes, is going to flow away all the quicker, leaving us with worse water shortages than anything we have hitherto known—unless we plan.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. A. C. Lowe, Rhodesia Road, Aintree, Liverpool, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are invited about any worthwhile subject needing investigation. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Seamen Get a Better Deal

In a recent issue, in the course of an article by Mr. Warren Armstrong, a letter purporting to come from a merchant seaman was extensively quoted alleging that there was a lot of dissatisfaction with the National Union of Seamen.

The writer remarked upon its helplessness to deal with various problems.

Mr. Charles Jarman, Acting General Secretary, has offered us facilities to investigate in all respects the activities of the Union for the welfare of its members.

We have been privileged to see a report of the Union's work for 1943, which is reviewed below, and which shows something of what is actually being accomplished in very difficult circumstances with members serving, ashore or at sea, in all parts of the world.

UNTIL lately, men serving on deck could be expected to work 84 hours in a seven-day week Add to that the strain of working in rough weather, and even a Diehard should admit that 84 was a mountainous figure.

Well, it's been scaled down now: scaled down to 56—with overtime payable on any hours worked in excess of it.

But the overtime rate has gone up, and rightly so. Before the war it was only 1s. an hour at sea and 1s 3d. in port; now it is 2s an hour both at sea and in port. Which, you must admit, is a pretty good rise.

Better still, there has been a rise in the basic wage to £4 7s. 6d. a month for ratings on foreign articles and £1 0s. 6d a week for ratings engaged on home trade.

To this must be added war risk money, which stood at £5 a month in 1939. To-day, that sum is exactly double.

Similarly, the war risk payment for men on weekly rates has been increased to £2 6s. 8d. a week from the 1939 figure of £1 3s. 4d.

In the bad old days before the war, when a man was discharged abroad because of illness, his wages stopped at once and his dependants were left without support.

Under a new agreement, he is now entitled to his basic wages for 12 weeks. *And* to medical and hospital expenses.

Compensation for loss of effects too, has gone up from £7 10s. to £25—with correspondingly higher payments for petty officers.

Besides, every shipwrecked seaman will in future receive full wages—including war risk money—until he returns to Britain or is offered a job in another ship abroad.

When he does get back to Britain, 14 days' leave with full pay are due to him, plus any normal leave which may be owing him.

Before the war, men had to provide and pay for their bedding. Now it is provided free by the shipowners.

There has been a notable improvement in the conditions of catering staffs. An improved food scale, too, has recently been agreed upon. Accommodation standards are higher—and will probably be strictly enforced after the war.

Yes, all this makes up a mighty big advance. And we can assume that the National Union of Seamen, and all others interested in the welfare of the Merchant Navy, will not be content until British seafarers enjoy conditions as good as the best in the maritime world!

There is still much to be done, and the difficulties in organising men whose duties entail long absences from their home country need no stressing. But the seamen can help by supporting their Union to the full.

VINCENT BROME selects vivid extracts from diaries written on active service

History Scribbled on a Picture Postcard

FANTASTIC documents. Some of them were written by men who thought they were doomed. Some of them were written in penny exercise books. . . . Serving men's diaries. . . . Intimate records of big and small events which go to make up the everyday dramas of war.

But here's the odd thing. These men were not trained writers. They had not mastered the art of bringing things alive on paper. Yet the stress of events has given them a certain inspiration.

August 16, 1943.—A bomb—and then up I went—quite slow it seemed. I remember being on top of a pyramid of air—I saw red at the top. I went really wild. I wanted to slide down double-quick and have a go at them good and proper. I certainly came down a sight quicker than I went up. . . .

August 17.—Got over the shaky feeling. Still wild—am out to get one of them soon. At least one.

August 21.—Shan't forget what happened this morning. First streaks of dawn when we attacked. I thought, here's my chance. I went in—a bit bull-headed.

Then, all of a sudden, something up in the sky. It was a fair-sized cross—a sort of luminous cross. It stopped me dead in my tracks. I crawled rapidly to the left to get a better view. It might be a signal of some kind. . . .

Then a "big fellow" burst, bang on the spot where I had stopped to look at the cross. Literally, that cross had saved my life.

But when I looked up again it wasn't there. It had gone. Had I imagined it—or . .

But I had a job to do. I pushed on. Got two of them before we stopped to consolidate positions.

August 22.—Asked the other chaps. Two of them had seen the cross. Sarge says it was a couple of searchlights. He would. I'm sure it wasn't. I get a funny feeling writing about it. As if somebody was watching me. This war makes you wonder. I read my pocket Bible tonight . . .

The man who wrote that is an ordinary infantryman. He comes from Yorkshire and is just twenty-five. Before the war he ran a fish and chip parlour. He had never written anything more than a one-page letter—until he saw the cross in the sky.

He kept this diary on the backs of picture postcards.

Lucky Conker!

I have been privileged to examine several of these war diaries. In some cases I can give the names of their owners. In others they must remain anonymous.

Second Officer W. J. Freeston wrote his in a penny jotting book. It, again, records a rather unusual story. Freeston picked up a conker once, during a spell of shore leave. It became his lucky charm.

Then he went away to sea once more. A torpedo came out of the night and things began to happen.

Eventually he got away in a lifeboat. By the third day things weren't looking too good in the lifeboat. Freeston slipped his hand into his pocket. . . . The conker. . . .

His diary goes on to tell how they

Was this the explanation of the luminous cross?

picked up survivors from another torpedoed ship. That gave them a complement of forty-eight—all in one lifeboat. Four days lengthened into five, five into six. The conker still felt comforting. . . .

Some of the forty-eight men in that lifeboat go further. They say they owe their lives to that conker. . . . It seems highly unlikely that a simple conker—lucky charm though it was—can have produced a ship when they desperately needed one. But a ship appeared and duly took them aboard.

First White Man

The diary of a Welsh merchant seaman from the Rhondda Valley tells how he was stranded amongst natives who had never seen a white man before.

Wednesday, 16th.—Ship hit 6.10 a.m. Sank two hours later. Run with a motor-boat towing us. Heat during day terrific.

Monday, 21st.—Hot, but not unbearable.... Making a little headway.... Water getting low. At last! Land sighted about ten miles away—12.50. A few rejoicings. Came up to coast at dark, saw lights of native village....

Tuesday, 22nd.—Very hot, no air at all. Six a.m. we saw a small boat with natives coming towards us.... What a sight to see them all gibbering in their own tongue.... They were all armed with rifles and knives. They took us to the village.... They look a very savage type, half negro, half Arab. Very difficult to make them understand us....

We were prisoners, so they sent a runner to Aden, which is about 300 miles away across the desert. Understood he would not be back until about five days....

Thursday, 24th.—Very hot.... Sleeping on roof of mud hut. Managed to have a fish for dinner, which we boiled in a bucket. Had to give away the "2nd's" vest and waistcoat for it....

Saturday, 26th.—Very hot.... Native with bad chest wound brought the "2nd" three chickens, so kept on dressing the wound twice a day. Sheik gave us a lamb for services rendered. Boiled it in bucket, but I couldn't eat it....

Tuesday, 29th.—6 a.m. **Small boat coming from ship! Sheik going down to meet them. They have to pay ransom for our release, ten shillings a head! Interpreter said we were lucky to come away with our lives, as we were the first white men to land on that part of the coast. Two airmen had landed lower down the coast and had been tortured at the stake.**

Several R.A.F. officers have kept diaries. Some of them are publishable, some not.

I must, in any case, make a clear distinction about these diaries. Most of them are written in exceptional circumstances when the writer thought he might not survive. Others kept a record because they thought the data would be useful. None of them record any Service secrets or operational details.

One R.A.F. officer was sent into the wilds of Western Iceland to find new aerodrome sites. Here is an extract from his diary:

"Extremely cold.... Water frozen inside heated huts.... Left camp with two Bren-gun carriers to act as snow-ploughs, and one thirty-hundredweight truck. All vehicles frozen into the sea ice where the road crosses a fiord. Personnel escaped over frozen sea with sledges....

"Proceeded alone on skis to telephone for aid and provisions.... Telephone broken.... Food becoming short.... Telephone still broken.... Proceeding alone on horseback...."

Behind these level comments lies a wealth of drama. Several times these men came near to death and averted it.

"Decided to follow the Army. Overtook two of them struggling along with sledge. At 1,000 ft. decided to put on skis; found that I had been given two left-footed skis and became very angry. Dug a snow-hole and slept the night in it....

"Severe storms developed overnight. Felt anxious about Army in camp on the mountains. Thick cloud down to 500 ft. They straggled in one by one, having apparently walked in a circle on the plateau until they found my ski-tracks and followed them down...."

Red-Hot Reminder

What is it that urges a man to keep a diary in these dramatic circumstances? I have asked the question several times and had many different answers. One of them seems nearer the truth than most.... He said he would never be able to recapture just how he felt unless he set it down at once, red hot.

Whatever the incentive, some of these diaries may have a certain historical value when the whole story of the war comes to be written.

A perfect demon!

QUEER GAMES A... CLUES TO SECRET LIVES

SEVERAL weeks ago, after ... cussing the mischief caused ... fortune-tellers, I received ... letters from other readers conf... ing the opinion expressed on ... page.

I also received letters from ... voyants, and one or two from pal... and with one exception they a... with the things I had said. Here ... extract from a man who describes ... self as a "student of ancient mys...

May I state that I entirely agree ... people who father themselves upo... suffering public should be locked ... But if readers are silly enough to ... about asking for news, and paying ... sum demanded, who is to blame?

I have always offered my ser... free. I make no charges and I ... accept gifts. I am not a church m... ber and have severed myself fro... societies.

We cannot all give spirit mes... from those who have passed over; ... we can give understanding and s... and that means a lot to those ... understand the meaning of the p... love.

Clairvoyance is a rare gift. No ... who has studied the subject can d... its reality—the evidence is incon... able; but there are a great many ... postors, and it is chiefly by them ... the harm is done.

Some of the predictions mad... readers have proved to be so false ... they would be a matter for laug... But unfortunately they have ... believed at the time and the c... quences have been serious.

Does a false pound note prove ... all pound notes are false? Do... "dud" half-crown prove that ther...

IT'S NOT IN VAIN

THERE'S lots of you trying to help folk who show no gratitude, and there's lots of you striving to be polite to those who are harsh and rude. There's lots of you hiding your feelings, because someone else has nerves, and there's lots of you taking the blame that someone else deserves.

THERE'S lots of you trying to please folk who just refuse to be pleased, and there's lots of you trying to ease folk who simply won't be eased. There's lots of you trying to shoulder all of heavy pack, so that someone else walk along with no weight at all on back.

THERE'S lots of you trying to help every hour of the day, giving heart, and strength, and soul, and worry going grey. While someone all you offer, and then demands more, but it's not the "takers" count in the end, it's the "givers" really score.—J. M.

f you are in doubt, write HUMANIST, 93, Long , London, W.C.2. You receive a guinea if your r is quoted on this page hout, of course, giving your name).

ine half-crowns? If anything, it the opposite!
is a totally different type of :

ve two girls, writes a worried The older child, nearly six d, is a perfect demon. She is st destructive child. All her ave either been torn up or cut s with scissors.
't just carelessness. She will every page and then tear every page into small pieces. Several go she found an old razor blade, set to work and cut her socks ces.
y I bought new hair-ribbons for her sister, and while I was busy kitchen she cut the ribbons into bout two inches long. She has ing things of this sort ever since three.
e tried talking reasonably, and tried spanking, but all to no pur-

is very sensitive and lovable, y intelligent. We thought going ol would cure her but it has not. es home thrilled when they have er cutting to do.
tly, I am getting scared about re. I've tried everything I can and every method has failed.
is something more than childish iveness at work here. The girl obsession and until its origin is ed it will be useless to punish is a case for a psychological

years ago I gave a teddy bear to ng daughter of a neighbour, but he day was out she had cut a ash in the animal's "tummy." other was distressed and made apologies.

N found out from the girl her- what it all meant.
ather and her brother had both erated upon for appendicitis, and ject fascinated her. She invented of "hospitals" and all her toys undergo operations so that she urse them back to health!
he trouble with young children's is that adults rarely discover the nificance of them.
e only wanton destruction, and slap them to make them "more in future." The method fails it is based upon a false idea. er games invented by children clues to their secret lives.
Margaret Lowenfeld, a Polish gist, has spent years in investi- he whole subject. I suggest that who belong to Women's Insti- to Parent-Teacher Associations discuss the problems at one of etings.

you ever noticed, asks a that all the books and poems alise children are written by who never had any—people like Lamb, Lewis Carroll, Barrie and n? Can you explain why this is

hile you are about it, can you why grandparents are often oud of their grandchildren than re of their own immediate off-

natural for people to have and if there are none they con- mselves with "dream children" agination.
parents are proud of their ildren because it takes them generation, giving them the joy sion withqut the hard work and bilities involved in parenthood.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CAMPAIGNING in Italy during winter is no picnic. Here is Sgt. W. Skeavington, C.M.F., telling the story of hardship cheerfully endured by men of the Eighth Army, in a letter to his parents at Annesley Road, Hucknall, Notts:

The last three days and nights have been the worst I have yet experienced Back in front positions again, we had the difficult job of crossing over mountains, the roads having been demolished by the enemy in retreat. Three more uncomfortable nights were spent out on the bleak, rocky heights, with no cover from the biting winds and with no means of keeping warm.

We started off with our kit in a Jeep, then as the roads gave way to mountain slopes and rocks, we had to transfer to mules to negotiate the pathways. What a fine job those mules did! Even in the dark they scrambled and climbed surefootedly upwards with loads of rations and ammunition.

The Germans kept up a steady barrage of mortar fire and shells as we advanced, and we had some casualties. The first night we spent marching and climbing, the next found us high up in the mountains, where we built a small stone barricade to keep off the wind, but it was little protection from the rain. It was a pleasure to do a couple of hours of guard duty to get a walk round and keep the circulation going.

The third night found us farther on, over the first range and halfway down the other side. Here, in the shelter of overhanging rocks, I made a bed of straw and grass, stretching my gas cape to keep out the wind and the rain. Main trouble was that our boots and trousers were so caked with mud that our feet were like ice, but it is surprising what you can get used to.

Recuperating later in a little village seemed like being in heaven. You can imagine us with four days' growth of beard and four days' accumulation of mud and grime about our persons! Surprising what a difference a hot bath makes to your mental outlook.

In the middle of it all the mail arrived to cheer us up with news of home and the little happenings that are more interesting than front-page news. I am still fit and fine; not even a cold, and still as optimistic as ever, trusting in that lucky star.

Gentlemen First

A word picture of family life in Egypt comes in a letter from L./Cpl. A. Lang, Provost Company, C.M. Police, to his daughter at Espieside Crescent, Coatbridge, Lanarkshire:

The father in Egypt is complete master in his own house and reigns supreme. No woman is allowed to speak to another male (if she is married), except through her husband, and her face must be covered from the sight of all other males in public places.

In the upper class this custom has almost vanished, but poor people still adhere to it. A foreigner entering an Egyptian house is treated with great hospitality, but is not allowed to look upon the women. I am writing about the Mohammedans, not about the Christian native.

When the family goes out for a walk it is a procession, with father in front with his son at his side, or in his arms if only a baby. Mother tags on behind with the daughters, and if father wants to speak to her she has to run up to him, and then falls in behind again, when the procession continues.

It seems that a man may have seven wives and may keep them in the same house if they are agreeable. Before marriage he agrees to pay each wife a certain sum of money, and the only excuse a wife has for divorce is if he fails to pay the money. Marriage, in fact, is a very one-sided business in these parts, but it seems to work.

It's surprising what our men in Italy can get used to!

Wild Mustangs

A rodeo show in Canada means high jinks for the R.A.F. boys in a near-by camp. L/AC R. Green, who is training out there, enjoyed the show, and writes home to his mother at Greenhill Crescent, Wortley, Leeds:

There was terrific excitement when the rodeo show was held, especially as the camp closed down for the day so that we could all go to this spectacular event of the year.

Gosh! What an evacuation from camp! The rodeo was preceded by a colourful parade through the town the R.A.F. being represented by a very smart turn-out of air crew cadets, who were given a big "hand" by the Canadians.

Soon things got going. Cowboys and mustangs in thrills and spills. The injured cowboys were taken off in ambulances to hospital, while the horses seemed to be enjoying the fun.

In the evening there was a grand concert party and a firework display like those on the pier at the seaside back home. A grand time!

Good Food

Wren Marion D. Martin, serving in the Middle East, finds much to write home about to her family at Midtown Road, Prestwick, Ayrshire. She thinks that "Full House" is good:

When I go into town, about twice a week, there is little else to do but wander about the streets and do a little shopping. Fortunately, there is a very good canteen where meals are cheap and satisfying. "Full House," comprising fried egg, bacon, sausage and mash, ice cream, fresh fruit, bread and butter and coffee, costs only 1s. 1d.

I have forgotten how many times I have had "Full House." It was our first meal here when we landed, and I expect that it will be our last before we depart.

Then there is the Toc H. Ladies' Section Club, which has a good canteen service for girls. Also, there are entertainments for us at reduced prices, but I haven't come across a theatre yet.

Strange thing is that we rarely see a well-dressed woman here, according to our standards at home. They seem to run about everywhere in cotton dresses and sandals, which are not very chic.

Ungrateful Italians

Also serving in Italy is Spr. W. S. Elton, R.E., who writes to his wife at Ventnor Road, Southsea, Hants:

We have been here for three days working almost without a stop, covered with dust, grease and sweat, but everybody is cheery. The water supply here is difficult, as nearly all the wells were either poisoned or "salted" by Jerry before he departed, so it rests with the good old Navy to help us with supplies.

The population is starving and in rags. We feed them as usual, and in return for our kindness some of them take to the hills and snipe at us. Grateful skunks! That is why we are confined to camp—it is for our own safety and protection.

Magic Slogan

In Beirut our troops find that a slogan addressed to tram conductors acts like magic, and means free rides. Sgt. R. Ridsel writes to his mother at Silkfield Road, Hendon, London, N.W.9:

You will notice that I have attained the rank of sergeant, although at the time of writing it is still "acting, unpaid," but I have hopes!

A lucky job took me into Beirut last week, and I had time for a look-round at the sights. On the trams, which are single-deckers with a trailer attached, there is much excitement. They are crowded and passengers hang on everywhere, many of them entering or leaving the tram by the windows, as they cannot get in or out any other way.

Soldiers don't pay fares, and it is all very simple. They shout out to the conductor: "Churchill will pay," at which everybody grins and the conductor seems satisfied.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● New Zealand Government has increased old age pensions from 30s. to 32s. 6d., while the pensioner can still earn up to £1 a week and have £500 in the bank. Compare that with the "Mother Country's" treatment of old age pensioners!—"Sympathiser," Elland Road, Leeds.

★ ★ ★

More coal would be produced if miners were paid a decent wage. Working conditions are often appalling. You can't expect good production from men who are expected to risk life and limb, digging coal at 8d. a ton, minus cost of explosives and gear. I enclose pay checks.—"Indignant," Seaton Delaval.

★ ★ ★

Young airmen returning to England after training in Canada sent their kitbags by train in advance. On arrival, presents for parents and relatives were missing, having been stolen in transit. What contemptible thievery is this!—"E. G.," Camden Town, N.W.

Plus ten for workers!

Ten extra clothing coupons are now being issued to manual workers in agriculture and industry. Posters showing a list of industries included in the scheme are displayed in local Ministry of Labour Offices, Citizens' Advice Bureaux and elsewhere. Explanatory leaflets are available from Trade Union representatives and from employers.

What do I do...?

If I am eligible, I ask my employer for an application form which I complete and return to him.
If I am my own employer, I get my application form from the local Ministry of Labour Office, and return it there when completed.
If I am in any doubt, I ask my Trade Union or my employer to explain the details.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

5 DISHES FROM 1 RECIPE!

★ *Ingredients:* 1 level tablespoon dried egg (dry), 4 oz. flour, pinch of salt, ¼ pint milk and water mixed. *Method:* Mix dry ingredients. Add sufficient liquid to make a stiff mixture. Beat well, add rest of liquid and beat again.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING
Make a knob of fat smoking-hot in a tin and pour in the batter. Cook in brisk oven for 30 mins.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE
Use batter with sausages or meat left-overs. Cook for 30 minutes.

SWEET PANCAKES
Make a knob of fat "smoking" hot in frying pan. Cook each pancake separately (this makes 6 pancakes), browning on each side. Add jam while in pan; roll up.

SAVOURY PANCAKES
Same as above, using fried onions or leeks, grated cheese or chopped cooked vegetables.

BATTER PUDDING
Same as Yorkshire pudding; omit salt, add sugar and fruit (dried apples or bottled plums). Cook and serve in baking dish.

Dried eggs are new-laid shell eggs with shell and water removed.

A packet of 12 Dried Eggs costs only 1/3. Be sure to take up your full ration.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

LAST LAUGH

L. F. (Scunthorpe). — "It takes great energy, cleverness, and often influence to get a seat in Parliament." So it does in a train.

E. D. (Ripon). — "I think you will agree the way I've summed up the situation in my letter is a knock-out." It certainly put us to sleep.

E. M. (Barnstaple). — "A collector at the door demanded waste paper for the national effort, but all I could find for him was an old roll from the pianola." Oh, well, music soothes the salvage breast.

E. S. (Dorking).—"Crawling on the hands and knees is excellent exercise." And it's worth while trying to placate the shopkeeper in this way if your need for matches is really desperate.

R. M. (Horsham). — "A cricket umpire has been officiating as a football referee." Quite efficiently, we understand, although players get rather irritated when they unsuccesafully shoot for goal and he signals wides.

J. P. (Chertsey). — "My wife wanted to go to the cinema but I preferred the theatre." What were the pictures like?

J. W. (Birmingham).—"My job is running a lift at an explosives factory." You don't call out "Going up?" of course.

P. L. (Letchworth). — "I once knew a reporter who was hanged for murder." He certainly got the noose all to himself that time.

R. K. (London). — "I haven't quarrelled with my wife since the war started." What, is she still evacuated?

GEORGE (Leeds). — "A former cartoonist of my acquaintance is now a professional boxer." From black and white to black and blue?

W. G. (Glasgow). — "I am not afraid of physical pain." See letter below.

MRS. G. (Glasgow).—"When my husband stepped on the tack he howled as if someone had attempted to kill him." See letter above.

A. R. (Paisley). — "Too many baths are bad for one." Any small boy can tell you that!

C. L. (Bristol).—"I first met my wife when fire-watching." This confirms our belief that fire-watching can sometimes prove a dangerous business.

TOM (Carlisle). — "When the dentist insisted that I required two front teeth extracted, I fought him on the issue." But it ended in a draw, eh?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"It's all right, Cyril! It's only an invasion!"

Side-Slips

HULL DAILY MAIL:—". . . during a series of running actions which lasted for nearly five YEARS. . . ."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . was charged jointly with other boys with theft from a school of pencils and other SMART articles. . . ."

DAILY SKETCH:—". . . kill them with their knives and eat the MAT uncooked."

RADIO TIMES:—"9.0 Big MEN Minute."

DAILY MAIL:—". . . I stayed on and helped a salvage RUG to fight the blaze. . . ."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"A passing workman offered to blow up the TYPE, but found it was punctured. . . ."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"He was admitted to the —— Hospital Annexe suffering from DISCUSSION"

GREATEST OF THESE

● What is an ex-soldier to do when, broken in health but ineligible for pension, he sees his wife starving herself so that the children shall not go short?

Where can a woman turn for help when her ex-airman husband lies in hospital, she has nothing left in the house to pawn, and the rent is becoming dangerously in arrears?

How can a family afford coal and warm clothes when the breadwinner—who for years helped to bring in the convoys that saved Britain from starvation—is laid up with a gastric ulcer?

The answers are the same. They can all be expressed in two words familiar to our readers: JOHN BULL.

We are ready to help distressed ex-Servicemen and their families. We are anxious to help more.

But we can't do so without *your* help. We want more money so that more cases of genuine hardship and suffering can be relieved. And, having had plenty of proof in the past of our readers' public-spirited generosity, we don't think we shall ask in vain.

All donations are pooled and allocated equitably at the committee's discretion among all deserving cases on our books.

Please send a subscription—however small—to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We'll gladly send an acknowledgment, though we're just as grateful to anonymous donors.

Lists of current subscriptions are available on request—and JOHN BULL bears all the costs of administration.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,4

FIRST PRIZE of £50 plus Radio

D. W. Brown, 37, Bowling Gre St., Methil, Fife, for this "Bullet"

Coming In 1944
MARCH OF ALL TIME!

£10: W. Condon, Works Dept. Stores, H.M. Dockyard, Rosyth.
Not Afraid Of Hell—Distrusts "... Heaven," Tommy.

£5: A. M. Casely, 13, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh.
Coming in 1944—Ships You've "Sunk," Goebbels!

£4: G. Simpson, c/o Davidson, 136, West Bridge... Dumbarton.
In The Throes Of Despair—Hitler—... Despairing Three!

£3: F. E. Brown, 8, Clayton Rd., Jesmond, ... castle-on-Tyne.
Radio Comedian—Applause Certainly "... Funny."

£2: Mrs. T. Thomas, Ivy Cottage, Aller, Nr. ... chester.
Not Afraid Of Losing—War, Now—Only ...

£75 for 4 LETTERS

NEXT PAGE

6 Prizes of £10:
L. Garfield, 7, Mahaudi Rd., Chigwell, Essex. Fortress Of Europe—Now Again Our "Inspection"
E. Hargreaves, 163, Marlborough Ave., Hull. Bit Of A Blag—Given "Pink" Without Chains.
M. Ives, 8, Floyd St., Dudley. Holy Matrimony—Raised, If One "Preacher."
Mrs. Shandield, Bell's Brae, Davie, Edinburgh. Holy Matrimony—"Restriction" Reading "Charity"
Mrs. M. Turnbull, 11, Lothian Rd., Innerleithen. To Save Millions—There's Another "Underground" Working.
E. Wilkes, 22, High Park Ave., Stourbridge. Dad Lost His Temper And—"Addressed" Post-... Pen!
A list of 50 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 570 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES"

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order B—B—K—F entered by following 20 competitors, who thus share £50, each also receiving 4-lb. Fruit Cake: L./Bdr. J. Buchanan, M. Cardwell, Tel. G. A. Coates, E. W. Essex, P. Gee, Mrs. E. Goon, I. Hayes, J. Lawson, W. J. Owen, E. Price, R. G. Patterson, H. E. Reap, H. C. Richardson, Rosebery, M. Rosevere, M. Russell, J. Sutherland, Miss R. Thomas, 9 Entrants named D. Wilson.

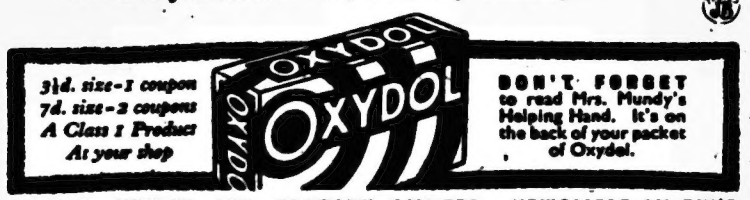
Award for 1st Runner-up shared between 6 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order shown. 2nd Runner-up Awards for 470 Entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

Oxydol's gentle 'Busy Bubble' lather looks after your clothes in the washtub, washes everything spanking clean safely and gently. Washtub wear and tear ruins clothes quicker than anything else. To make *your* clothes last longer, use Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap that washes without harming the fabric. Oxydol will save you clothes coupons every washday.


3½d. size-1 coupon
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A Class 1 Product
At your shop
OXYDOL
OXYDOL
DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lather-ing properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
2 Put a little cream on chin with finger tip.
3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

PER 1/3 JAR

So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure

"ALL WOOL" No. 1 Green Band, No. 2 Blue Band, No. 4 Maternity

SENTINEL

Regd. Trade Mark

HYGIENIC TOWELS

From all chemists, drapers and stores

Splendor Ltd. Nottingham

Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers

INCREASED PRIZE-MONEY for 4 LETTERS!

GOOD FUN AWAITS YOU IN "LAUGH-LINES"

PRIZES value over £100 are again waiting entrants in this easy, quick and amusing *Laugh-Lines* Contest—*enjoy ten minutes on it now!* Following simple instructions on your coupon below, fill in FOUR KEY LETTERS to form your entry. See that it is posted not later than Monday, Jan. 31, and you may well capture some of this increased prize-money for *John Bull* readers.

£100 PRIZES VALUE OVER £75 FIRST PRIZE 1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. In Our Local Panto—Aladdin Came In *Tight*!
B. When Dad Volunteered—Examination Made Doctor Cough!
C. Deserted—Station—Till Suitcase Burst!
D. Grandpa's Complaint—Skirts Shorter—So's Sight!
E. In Hospital—Hitler—*Sally* Threw Bouquet!
F. Knocked Over—Burning House, Village Fire-engine!
H. Champion Liar—Our Clock—It's German!
J. To Reduce The Danger—Sandy's Adding Soda Personally!
K. Not So Funny—*Ma-in-Law* In Every Part!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COUPON BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2d. is FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 12.

P.O. Value..... No.....
Signed.....
Address.....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JAN. 31.

153

Corrections in last week's *Laugh-Lines* announcement, No. 152, first word of *Bullet* lettered "C" to be read as "Honesty," not "Honestly."

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. This divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rank if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Feb. 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employées of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

75 RECORD WAR-TIME PRIZES CHEQUES for 'BULLETS' THIS WEEK!

BULLETS' 1st PRIZE £50 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 4 of 30/- 5 of 25/- 60 NEW CASH PRIZES OF £1 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Feb. 11.

WHEN GERMANY'S BEATEN
PEACE WE WANT
TRIBUTE TO TOMMY
DOGS OF WAR
ACROSS THE WATER
FOR SECURITY REASONS
MAGNIFICENT
UNDYING FLAME
AN EDUCATION
WHAT IT MEANS

BULLETS 1,407 RESULT appears on page 14

TREAT IN STORE
STILL THE SAME
NOW SONNY'S A MINER
NOT WORRYING
GOOD IDEA
GRANDMA'S RECIPE
TO BE SUCCESSFUL
A DANGER SPOT
BETTER SHOW
GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

ON TOP OF THE.....
WHEN THE.....ARRIVED
AT THE ..... DOOR
NOT TO BE.....AT
FLYING TO.....
DOOM OF THE.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 12. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OR COUPON SIDE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, JAN. 31

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,411—or "Laugh-Lines" 153, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

TWICE on Sundays?

Bobby smarteps himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care *must* be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains* Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth. 1/1 and 1/10½.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Don't let Colds hang on

You can't be really well if you have a cough or cold that's sapping your vitality, spoiling your sleep, ruining your digestion. Never let a cold hang on.

The best way to get rid of a cold properly is an old-fashioned recipe which has become so popular lately that most chemists now keep it made up ready for use. It's the "Parmint" recipe.

The very first dose of this Parmint Syrup will start to bring relief. Soon you'll find it going altogether. Then you'll realise just how poorly you've been.

By the way, this Parmint Syrup is grand for kiddies. It's absolutely safe and they really like the taste of it.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle including tax.

NOTE.—If you want to make it up yourself, ask for a 1 oz. bottle of the Concentrated Parmint Double Strength (price 3/1½). It's even more economical that way.

Borwick's improves Dried Egg Dishes

Prepare the dried eggs according to directions on the packet. Just before cooking, stir in one level teaspoon of Borwick's for every two eggs being cooked.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

When you are constipated

. . . don't worry. Remember the golden rule of health and take Beecham's Pills. This perfect laxative will ensure a regular gentle movement of the bowels and save you from the ills and ailments which are apt to follow continued constipation. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, therefore absolutely reliable. They are non habit-forming, therefore always effective. Get some Beecham's Pills today—and look after yourself!

Beecham's Pills WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

take Fennings LITTLE HEALERS

at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 6d pkts. 1/3 & 3/- glass tubes

Send 3P in stamps to Alfred Fennings, Crewe, La. W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S SECRET"

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the three-fold comfort treatment:—A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. *Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.*

Cuticura OINTMENT

EVERY WORKING DAY

THE PRUDENTIAL pays £50,000

on Claims under

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE POLICIES

The Company pays each working day death claims on upwards of 1,500 Industrial Assurance Policies.

Payments are made promptly by Agents whose continuous service ensures that policy money is available immediately at the time of need.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

MOTHER, DO THIS for FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost. Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. Cannot get rid of anything. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell—new ounces gained each week. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

5 lbs. OF COAL SAVED IN ONE DAY BY 1,500,000 HOMES WILL PROVIDE ENOUGH FUEL TO BUILD A DESTROYER

NOTE: 5 lbs. of coal are used in 2 hours by a gas fire or electric cooker

Is YOUR home helping to build a destroyer?

Save FUEL for BATTLE

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POW

You can replace the stopper.. *we can't*

Once lost, Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers cannot be replaced. They're made of precious rubber, so please see that all empties returned to your dealer *are complete with stopper.*

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

Gibbs IN HANDY *battledress* REFILLS

7D

AND 1/6

Give your teeth a shine with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

R. & W. Gibbs LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

Have a CAPSTAN

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